

# THE GRAMMARIAN

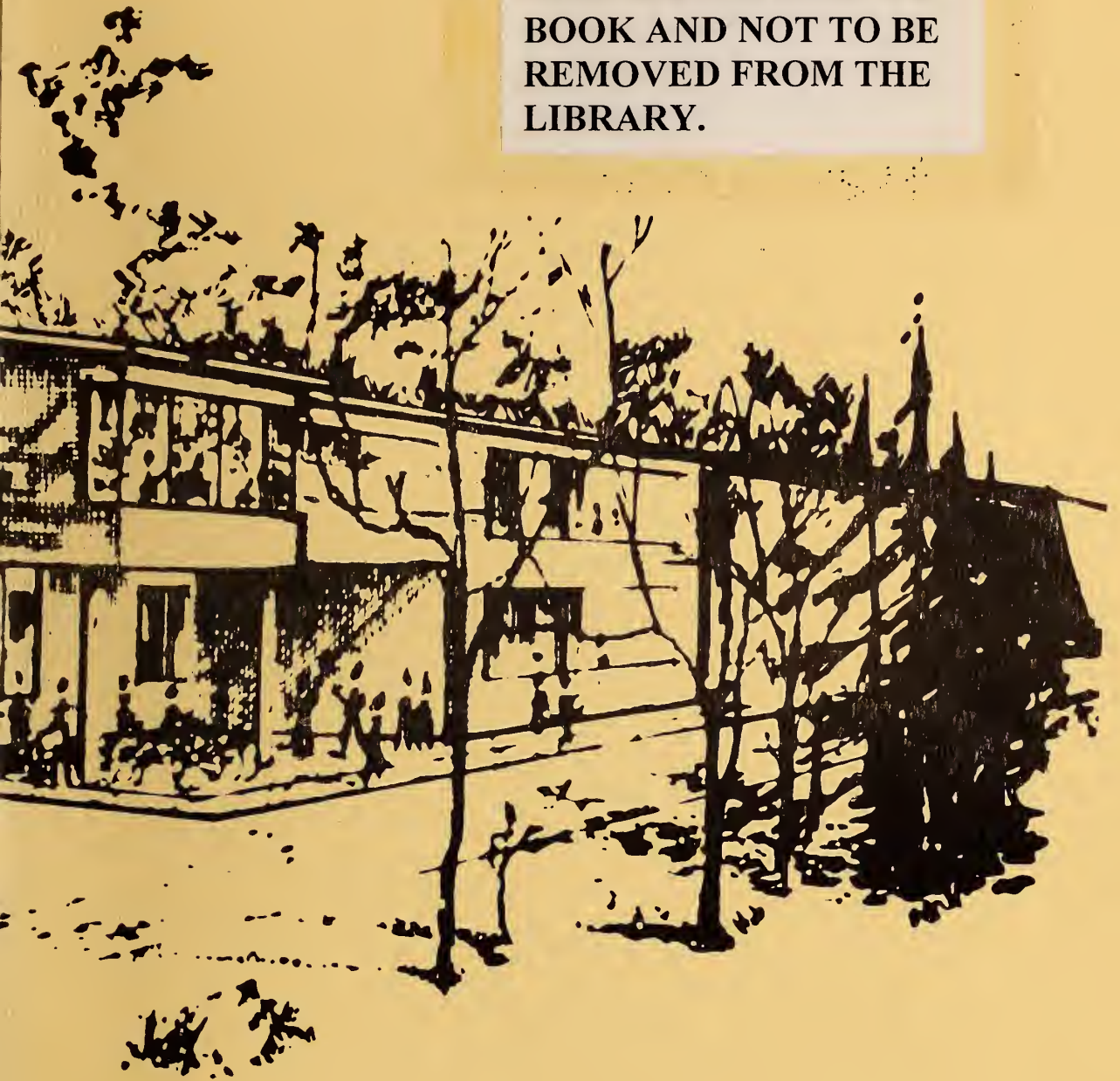


1980

THE HALIFAX  
GRAMMAR SCHOOL



**THIS IS A REFERENCE  
BOOK AND NOT TO BE  
REMOVED FROM THE  
LIBRARY.**





*The*  
*Halifax Grammar School*  
*presents*  
*The Twentieth Edition*  
*of*  
**THE GRAMMARIAN**  
**1980**

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## Foreword

Every year brings changes...and this year I'm one of them! I mean, I graduate this year with the class of 1980. I'm leaving the school at a time when it could not be more exciting to stay: once more we are expanding and changing to provide an ever better education for our students.

Before I turn this edition of *The Grammarian* over to the capable team of Ralph, Lorenzo, Gertrude, and Scott, (whom you see greeting you below), I want to say that though representing the students of this school in all their diversity and vigour has been tiring sometimes, it has been my greatest pleasure to guide you through the last few yearbooks.

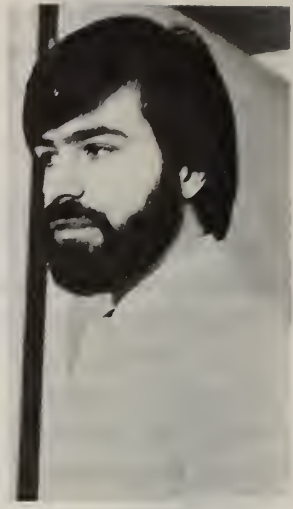
I'm going to miss you and H.G.S., but as all graduates do, I will come back to visit.

As ever yours,



H.G.S. Racoon



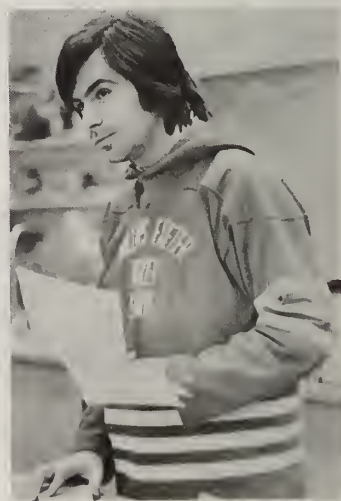
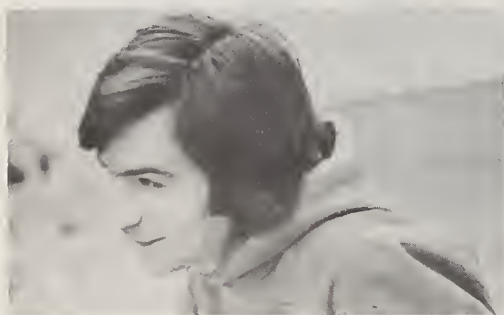


## ***Dedication***

*There are teachers, and then there are teachers extraordinaire.*

*Such a one is GILLES MASSÉ*

*To him we fondly and enthusiastically dedicate this,  
the twentieth edition of **The Grammarian**.*



"Une pierre qui roule n'amasse pas de mousse", mais ce qu'elle amasse vaut plus que toute la mousse du monde. M. Massé nous quitte cette année après avoir enseigné le Français et le Latin à H.G.S. pendant sept ans. Le portrait qui nous restera sera d'un homme petit, barbé, habillé d'une cravate et une "track-jacket": sa barbe représente sa sagesse et son intelligence classique; sa cravate indique sa paresse car il en apporte une parce qu'il croit que ça cache le fait qu'il ne s'est pas rasé le cou le matin; son "track-jacket" nous fait nous souvenir que, même si au premier abord il semble faible, il est physiquement et mentalement très fort.

Si la franchise était un pêché il aurait été condamné cent mille fois. Dans la classe de Français il est toujours plein de vie. Jamais n'est passé une classe de Français sans quelques explications en utilisant de la Russe, de l'Allemand, du Latin, du Grec.... Souvent il s'arrête tout d'un coup pendant un cours et demande aux étudiants. "Est-ce que je vous ai raconté l'histoire de ...." Ca donne à l'étudiant un choix difficile: s'il dit que oui, le cours va continuer comme d'habitude; mais s'il dit que non, il va entendre l'histoire pour la sixième fois.

M. Massé peut enseigner toutes sortes de littérature--de Molière à Descartes. Son but, il dit souvent, est de donner aux paysans un peu de culture. En ceci il réussit, parce que M. Massé n'est pas lâche avec son temps et il emploie toutes les opportunités qui se présentent pour voyager. Il dit qu'il préfère le climat (ça veut dire le vin) européen et la culture (la nourriture européenne). Son future n'est pas encore décidé, mais on est sûr qu'il trouvera toujours un chez lui.

Michael Hawkins

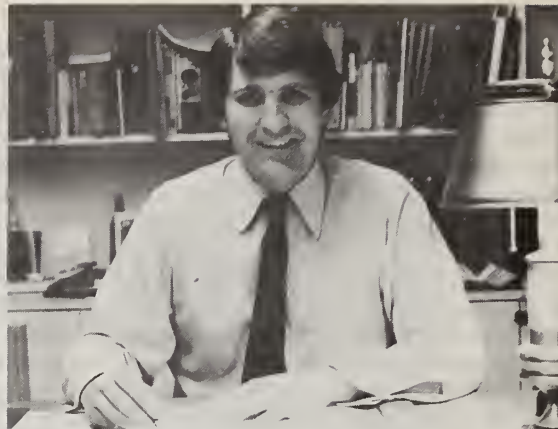
### *Ad unguem Factus homo* .....Horace

Once upon a time, long, long ago in 1972, the staff and students of H.G.S. became aware of a dark bat-like figure flitting in and out of the downstairs classrooms. This apparition, we soon discovered, was M. Gilles Massé, the new part-time French teacher in the Prep school. The following year M. Massé was made a full-time member of the staff and head of the French Department, so that he is by now a very familiar figure, and indeed something of an institution at H.G.S., though he has discarded the academic gown he used to wear and once, for a brief time, he shaved his beard and appeared among us incognito.

Under M. Massé's fervent leadership and firm belief in academic excellence the French program has flourished and expanded to the point that we need more shelves in the library and larger quarters in the text book storage to house French books. He has also recently taken the teaching of Latin under his wing and has offered Greek to anyone willing to try--an offer, alas, that many have been able to refuse. His love of languages has inspired him to take courses in German, Dutch, Portuguese, Syriac and Coptic; he has a wealth of background knowledge and a keen interest in music, drama, and painting which has enriched all his teaching. He has directed many successful dramatic productions, and initiated and originally organized the exchange between H.G.S. and the College d'Assomption which is now recognized as the highlight of the Upper Five year.

But it is not only for his academic and cultural contributions that we will remember him. M. Massé has devoted his time and talents to all aspects of life at H.G.S., being a homeroom teacher, helping with Reach for the Top, playing hockey and broomball, running an A.V.R. program, cooking for the Friday luncheon club, going camping and cycling with students. He has extolled the delights of rail travel to anyone who would listen, has entertained us with tales of his travels and has educated us with descriptions of his lives in a monastery and in a ballet school.

M. Massé's departure will leave a gap that will be hard to fill. Wherever he goes and whatever he undertakes we assure him that he takes with him our affectionate good wishes for a prosperous and satisfying future.



## *Headmaster's Message*

It seems this annual is not only a chronology of events and an album of photos but also a book of familiar quotations. As I pondered on a greater meaning of learning, I decided I could not do better than repeat the words of William Cory, a master at Eton in 1861.

*At school you are not engaged so much in acquiring knowledge as in making mental efforts under criticism. A certain amount of knowledge you can indeed with average faculties acquire so as to retain; nor need you regret the hours that you spent on much that is forgotten; for the shadow of lost knowledge at least protects you from many illusions. But you go to a great school not for knowledge so much as for arts and habits; for the habit of attention, for the art of expression, for the art of entertaining quickly into another person's thoughts, for the habit of submitting to censure and refutation, for the habit of working out what is possible in a given time, for the habit of regarding minute points with accuracy, for taste, for mental courage and mental soberness. Above all, you go to a great school for self-knowledge.*

Perhaps some of you can better appreciate the greater relevance of your schooling and wonder less "Why do we have to?" To the graduate, a splendid and special lot, your school and your families have given you a greater opportunity for the "arts and habits" referred to. Think on them and use them well as you continue on your journey to self-knowledge. There is so much more to come.



**Mr. Dixon - Janitor**



**Mrs. Tetrault - Secretary**



## *Staff*

Front Row: O. Scibior, A. Smith, L. Murray, M. Didier, K. Silver, R. Aterman, N. Scobbie  
 Middle Row: A. von Maltzahn, I. Spencer, J. Lancaster, P. Montgomery, B. Faught, T. Brownlow  
 Back Row: S. Lewis, I. Andrews, G. Masse  
 Absent: R. C. Keirstead, V. Kemp, K. DeGrasse, R. Naud, P. Smith

*Can you recognize these people?*





### ***Grammarian Staff***

Front Row: Belinda Smith, Linda Peers, Peter Dawson, Heather MacIvor, John Embil  
 Middle Row: K. Silver, Laura Cameron, Kate Lazier, Ken Nathanson, Ian Megill,  
 Andrew MacKee, T. Brownlow  
 Back Row: Mary Langille, Chris Caines, Charles Mingo, Andrew Welch, Ranald Sinclair

### ***Editorial Board***

Editor-in-Chief  
 Assistant Editor  
 Photographic Editor  
 Staff Photographers

Literary Editor  
 Assistant Literary Editor  
 Business Managers

Graphics Advisor  
 Aides

Board Advisors

Mary S. Langille  
 Kate Lazier  
 Charles H. Mingo  
 John Embil  
 M. Kenneth Nathanson  
 Ranald Sinclair  
 Christopher Caines  
 Laura Cameron  
 Andrew McKee  
 Linda Peers  
 Peter F. Dawson  
 Heather MacIvor  
 Ian Megill  
 Belinda Smith  
 Andrew P. Welch  
 D. T. Brownlow  
 K. Silver

## *Editress' Message*

Why would anyone allow herself to become editress of the *grammarian*? This is an intriguing question which I have been pondering for some time. After a serious consultation with two prominent theorists on erratic adolescent behavior, vis., Dr. K. Silver and Dr. K. Nathanson, both of whose opinions I esteem highly, I concluded that the two fundamental reasons for her doing so are: (1) a Hitler-like hunger for power and (2) stupidity.

The "hunger for power" reason is easily enough understood; after all, everyone knows there are approximately twelve people on the *Grammarian* staff subordinate to the editress, each one anxious and willing to perform any task of which the editress wishes completion. These twelve diligent individuals salute the editress whenever they perceive her noble features, foremost among them her beak, in the corridors; they immediately silence themselves whenever the editress enters the same room which they occupy and, upon seeing that the editress has decided to grace them with her empress-like presence, they say respectfully "Good day, Your Editorial Grace". What wonderful tributes are paid to the deserving person of the editress each day! What praise and what immeasurable loyalty an editress must feel from her underlings! You may be asking at this point but where does "stupidity" enter the whole matter? Surely one is not to be called stupid, but to be quite envied and honoured for holding the illustrious position of editress.

One only learns how "stupidity" is involved after actually experiencing chief editorship on the *Grammarian*, as I did. Did those aforementioned individuals rush to carry out any of my orders? HA! The matter is laughable; far be it from any of those twelve subordinates to dirty their hands with menial year book labour. Indeed, it was the down-trodden editress who was forced to execute or supervise each task and all the while seething, trying to control her rage at such incompetence. When one of those staffers discerned my image in the halls more often than not it was greeted by a low grumbling of "Oh no... the slave-driver again" and salutes were very rare indeed. Did those individuals hush when I entered a room in which a *Grammarian* meeting was about to occur, or rather explode? No—they continued bickering amongst themselves, obviously unaware that a supreme being had entered their midst.

These people are completely without gratitude. Why, when I suggested the *Grammarian* be devoted entirely to me, page after page of glowing tributes and flattering photographs, they laughed. What audacity, what thanklessness! After the apparent worthlessness of my first suggestion I humbly recommended that we would only effect a small change in my favour; we would change the name of the year book from the "*Grammarian*" to the "*Gram-MARY-an*" but still my suggestion was greeted by boos and jeers.

Thus, I have examined the two basic reasons for allowing myself to dirty my name with the title of editress. My advice to any unsuspecting individual, who finds herself being nonchalantly asked, "Would you like to become assistant editress for the *Grammarian*?" (for this is where the whole scandal starts, my friends,) scream "NO", slash your wrists, join a religious order, or become a history professor—but never, under any circumstances, say "YES".

Despite my complaining, which is only in fun, there were a few caring and helping souls who eased somewhat the burden of editorship—thank you Mr. Montgomery, Dr. T. Brownlow, and, especially, Miss K. Silver. I am also eternally grateful to the industrious and enthusiastic staff of the *Grammarian* who are responsible for the creation of this terrific year book.

Almost at the end of my tether,  
Mary S. Langille,  
Editress

# *H.G.S.Grows*

*A Report on the New Laboratories*

On Monday, November 19, Premier John Buchanan pushed a shovel into the earth outside the *Halifax Grammar School*, symbolically starting the construction of our new laboratories. A few days later, Blunden Construction began building the foundation of an addition whose importance is only rivalled by the gymnasium and the library built in 1974-5.

The need for new labs has been obvious for years to everyone involved with the school. The standards of excellence which the school sets for itself, especially as regards preparation for university, could not be maintained in the sciences with the existing facilities. The chemistry/physics lab was "inadequate when the school was first built", says Mr. Montgomery. According to one former teacher he and a few of the students actually knocked some of the tables and shelves together themselves. "And the biology lab" Mr. Montgomery continues, "is just a joke. The room was never designed as such. The only thing that distinguishes it as a lab is one sink. It's an insult to our teachers."

Certainly the chemistry/physics lab is cramped and disorganized, and it presents fire hazards with its electric outlets on the floor, and lack of fume hoods and insufficient storage space. There is no room to set up equipment for complex experiments and leave it, or for the teacher to stand behind his students to oversee their work.

Our new labs will change all this. Designed by Jerry MacNeil Architects, they will be appointed with all of the things essential to the modern high school laboratory; fume hoods, a safety shower, overhanging electrical units, a greenhouse, balance rooms, separate glass storage and an abundance of space. Furthermore, there will be three separate labs, specialized for the study of chemistry, physics, and biology. They will, however, be versatile; and with the right kind of furniture ("We plan to experiment," says Mr. Montgomery) math and other classes will easily be taught in them.

While the need for such facilities has been openly acknowledged for at least a decade, it was when Douglas Williams was Headmaster and David Roscoe Chairman of the Board that the decision was made that it was "time to start". But the "commitment to go" could not be made "until we could see what monies could be raised from the parent body." The total cost including landscaping will be about \$350,000. Slightly over \$200,000 has been pledged by parents thus far, and an anonymous donation of \$25,000 was made to the school specifically to allow construction to start. Long-term financing will have to be arranged.

Construction has been going well, which will help to keep costs down, and the only delays have been minor ones due to the discovery of "trench rock", the necessity of laying a new sewer line, and a late steel delivery. If all continues to go well the labs will be ready to open next September. The school will look very different, having had a real face-lift in front, and some interior reorganization as well. The old chemistry/physics lab will be converted to a primary classroom; the old biology lab will become a music room; and the art room will be extended to include half of Room 204, which will become a seminar room. Finally, the design of the addition is such that, should it ever become necessary, it could readily be extended in all sorts of ways.

Christopher Caines



# Graduates





LAURA MARGARET ALLEN

*"A light heart lives on."*

—Shakespeare

The *Grammar School* has known Laura's pretty smile and equable personality for three years. Her cheerfulness has been indispensable in maintaining class morale, and she brings a refreshing quality to her duties as an assistant secretary. Her many interests include basketball, swimming, tennis, and track sports; and she has a tenacity in mathematics which has been frequently useful to her classmates.

Laura plans to study mathematics and biology, and has not yet selected a university.



JOSE AQUINO

*"To work and back to bed again."*

—John Masefield

If anyone in the school is likely to latch suddenly onto your scarf, half strangle you, then bound off down the hall in imitation of a demented chimp, it is Jose. Despite his use of "crazy fits" and an obnoxious sense of humour to release his excess energy, Jose is a considerate, likeable fellow, and possesses a keen intellect. He will claim that he does only as much thinking as necessary to his subsistence on earth, yet he has a high average, which should see him into the Faculty of Medicine at Dal next year. His sensitivity, intelligence and energy all combine in his performances on the violin and piano, for which he has won many awards at the Kiwanis Festival.

In his early years at *H.G.S.* Jose has been the Editor of *The Grammarian*, Vice-President of the Students' Council and has proved that size is not nearly as important as sheer effrontery in the making of a top-notch soccer player.



JENNIFER KRISTINE BADLEY

*"The supreme happiness of life is the conviction that we are loved."*

—Victor Hugo

Jennifer has done very well during her ten years at the school. Two years on the Honour Roll and a fine debating record are nothing to scoff at. But she also has been a member of the Students' Council for two years, and was last year the *Grammarian's* business manager. She sometimes leaves the lunch-time socializing and entertainment of her friends to be an assistant secretary.

When not serving the school or enjoying music, cross-country skiing, sailing and dance, Jen can be found "grinning and bearing it" at her part-time job.

Her plentiful humour and charisma, and surprising turns-of-phrase ("heavy thighs") will be to her advantage as she studies for a B.A. in English at the University of Toronto.





**ALICE DEBORAH BERESFORD-GREEN**

*"I haven't been abroad in so long that I almost speak English without an accent."*

—Robert Charles Benchley

For four years Debbie has graced the class with her unerring wit, and graced the school with her helpfulness. She is one of those few who should be made an honorary Students' Council member, for she helps with the setting-up, the running, and sometimes even the cleaning-up for most Council events. She has also been a member of the *Grammarians*' business staff and an assistant-secretary. Her interests outside the school include figure skating (at least five hours a week), sailing, canoeing and racket sports.

Debbie is determined to begin a Bachelor of Sciences degree next year. Her certain dignity and purposefulness will be assets to her in the pursuit of an illustrious career in dentistry.



**JONATHAN S. BLANCHARD**

*"He that will make good use of any part of his life must allow a large part of it to recreation."*

—Locke

Jonathan is one of two students in this year's graduating class who has spent a full twelve years at the school. During this time, he has rarely failed to find ways of enjoying himself or expressing his athletic personality. Jon's basic attitude is to commit himself only to those things that really interest him; in extra-curricular matters, these have been the volleyball and soccer teams, the Students' Council, as well as skiing and sailing. Jon has also knocked off numerous track and field records when at the top of his form; and his astoundingly broad range of general knowledge earned him a place on the Reach for the Top team.

The resources of Jon's energy and humour should make him a welcome addition to the Engineering faculty at Dal.



**KEVIN REGINALD CRICK**

*"I have never let my schooling interfere with my education."*

—Mark Twain

Since his first day at H.G.S. in Grade Five, his flamboyancy and the readiness with which he relates a new joke or story or adventure have made Kevin a popular member of the class. He has managed successfully to balance a part-time job and an active social life while maintaining a good average. He has lent his capable hands in the service of the school as Students' Council secretary a few years ago, and as disc-jockey at our drop-ins. Despite the urging of his friends, Kevin has never joined any sports team, though he very much enjoys a good game of volleyball or basketball, and is an outstanding hockey player in Halifax leagues. Kevin will probably enter Dal next year, where we know he will continue to make good friends and, as Mark Twain said, never let his schooling interfere with his education, or his good times.

## LORCAN FRANCIS FOX

*"I'm only a beer teatotaler, not a champagne teatotaler."*

—George Bernard Shaw

Irish by birth (and by the well-timed use of his accent), Lorcan is a ten-year veteran of the *Grammar*, having spent Grade Seven in Scotland and having forgotten Grade Three altogether. He has, however, made up for the work he's missed nine times over, as any student or teacher will be quick to point out. This is not to say that he is chained to his desk; far from it — eight to ten feet on a good day. Actually, his academic excellence is matched only by his equivalent stature on the soccer field and in a rugby shirt.

If that weren't enough, when it comes to relaxation and entertainment, nobody appreciates a good film or theatrical production better; and if someone is holding a party this evening you know exactly where to find Lorcan.

Lorcan plans to study English Literature at either McGill or the University of Toronto. Au revoir, Monsieur Renard.



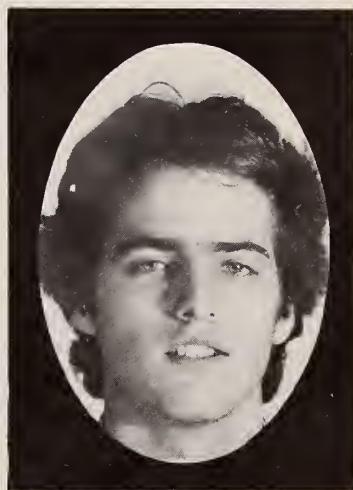
## MICHAEL WILLIAM HAWKINS

*"Tread those reviving passions down, Unworthy manhood!"*

—Lord Byron

Michael's jocundity and boisterousness are known to all staff and students. Indeed, he often manifests these traits in such an overwhelming way that one can easily overlook his generosity and desire to help both his fellow students and the school. True, the presidency is the first position he has held on the Students' Council; yet throughout his twelve years at the school Michael has always been active in student affairs and has displayed abilities to lead and organize both in and out of the classroom. Whenever a chore has been forgotten or shirked he has invariably approached it with directness, assiduity, and hardly a grumble, except for those who will not work as he does.

A blend of his vivacity and generosity will often gush from Michael when, for instance, he charging over the soccer pitch or the volleyball court, descanting in french or relating with enormous gusto the exploits of his European travels. It is perhaps for this pleasant quality that we will remember Michael, more than for the image which he sometimes likes to project of being "O.K., fat but young, blond and sexy." No doubt it will also impress his future colleagues at Kings, where he will begin the Foundation Year Program next fall.



## RUPERT WINDEKILDE JANNASCH

*"I don't know...why they make all this fuss about education..."*

—Vincent Melbourne

Rupert plans to take next year off from school to work — that is, to rest from his eight years at *H.G.S.* A perennial winner of the cross-country run, outstanding, in fact, in all athletics, he has still found time from playing to referee and coach and take pleasure in the position of Royals' House Captain. Actually, pulled knee ligaments suffered in a soccer game limited Rupert's participation in sports this year, though it is rumoured that he "cast off" his troubles with a certain nurse.

Rupert is amiable and generous with his time and energy. The constant battle against apathy is reflected not only in his house's good record this year and last, but also in his academic average and the general recognition in the community of his leadership. He will undoubtedly do well in his chosen career in agriculture.





JONATHAN P. LANGILLE

*"To trust the soul's invincible surmise was all his science and his only art."*

—George Santayana

Who is the real Jonathan P. Langille? Is he the Jon who sways to the peals of his wailing harmonica; or the quiet, seriously religious Jonathan; or the "Puggy" of sneaky quips, and a sincere, helpful disposition? The truth is, he is all four.

Jonathan came to the school in Upper Four and has been an intermittent member of the class ever since—intermittent due to his tendency to lapse into daydream. We suspect that during his less attentive and more mellow moments Jon is in a cherished dream world of Hudson Packards, shiny Jaguars and leather upholstery, or in an alternate fantasy of endless Alberta foothills where he is a muddy-fingered, tractor-crazy and blissful rancher.

When, however, Jonathan is spiritually with us, we find him to be a concerned, industrious person. This is Jon the art student, who dreams of refinishing every article of furniture in the school; Percival (what the "P" stands for) whose stern oration on the sinfulness of gaudy, naked toenails impressed us all; Pug the photographer who uses distinctive and intriguing camera angles;—the hardworking Jonathan we all know.



DAVID ANDREW McKINNELL

*"The night cometh, when no man can work."*

—John:ix,41.

David arrived at H.G.S. only this year, and with his sly humour and quiet manner, immediately fit in well with the class. Originally from Ottawa, he is not fond of our Nova Scotian climate; nevertheless he manages to enjoy life here. He has been chess champion, a member of the soccer team, and an enthusiastic participant in intramural sports. David also loves a good party, particularly if the music played suits his eccentric and sophisticated taste. He plans to begin a Bachelor of Science at Dalhousie University next year.



BERNARD O'BOYLE

*"What I tell you three times is true."*

—Lewis Carroll

Bernard came to the Grammar School only this year — a wise decision, since he formerly went to the Dartmouth Academy. His contribution to the class has been unique: many of the things on which his reputation rests, though harmless, should not, perhaps, be discussed in the *Grammarian*.

He has also been a member of our basketball, volleyball, and fencing teams, and indeed had considerable success as a fencer: after less than a year's experience, he won the Senior Division of the Nova Scotia Novices' Tournament.

Bernard will probably return to his home province of Ontario to further his education. Whatever he does, we are sure that he can succeed, and all that!

### CHRISTOPHER PAUL OZERE

*"I am not arguing with you - I am telling you."*

—J.M.N. Whistler

Despite a noticeably high rate of absenteeism, Chris has been a strong personality in the class. The force of his intellect, his natural inclination to argue, and his sportsmanlike attitude have made him a leader in class discussion and in extra-curricular activities. Chris has always had high marks, and been a valuable member of our basketball and volleyball teams.

Chris is also renowned for his ability to talk his way out of almost any uncomfortable situation, and for his extraordinary luck at cards. He will undoubtedly be conspicuous at whichever university he chooses.



### H.G.S. RACCOON

*"Keep our forests green."*

—Smokey the Bear

In his four years' service on the *Grammarian* staff, H.G.S. Raccoon has probably worked harder than any of his human fellows. Aside from writing all the introductions and forwards ( and typing isn't easy when you have claws) he has had to put up with the demands of numerous finicky artists, who often posed him in compromising-- and down right un-raccoon-ly-positions, all for the greater glory of our title pages.

He is a true Renaissance raccoon, and his range of talents is extraordinary. He is a diligent scholar, an exacting scientist, a careful historian; he is fluent in English, French, German, Latin, Raccoon, Porcupine, and Muskrat; his writing and debating have won numerous awards, while his acting and artwork are much admired; despite his small size he regularly trounces his opponents in sports competition ( although he is frequently mistaken for a furry soccerball); he is a dedicated, hard working, humorous, mischievous, energetic,--and a born leader.

It is rumoured that he will go into forest management. Yet with his versatility, he will not only succeed, but excel, in everything he puts his mind ( and paws ) to doing. We wish him a fondest farewell.



### ELIZABETH BLAIR REES

*"Talk happiness. The world is sad enough."*

—E.W. Wilcox

Since coming to H.G.S. in Prep Three, Buffy ( as sahe is affectionately called by all and sundry ) has been a popular member of the class. She has invested her energy and bubbly enthusiasm in basketball ( she is quite skillfull - a real force within the team ) and her clear sweet soprano in the senior choir. She has also enjoyed drama, cross-country skiing, and of course taxi service in the "Mighty Volvo". Buffy has kept herself busy during the summers as well: sailing at the R.N.S.Y.S., working as a junior volunteer at the children's hospital, and a research lab assistant.

Despite her busy schedule, she has always maintained a good academic standing. She has a definite flair for languages, and plans to enter Queens University to study for a B.A. Honours in French and German next year.





### CHRISTOPHER ROWLAND

*"To do nothing at all is the most difficult thing in the world, the most difficult and the most intellectual."*—Oscar Wilde

Though he has been at H.G.S. only two years, Chris's perverse sense of "humour" and his attitude toward extra-curricular activities, singular in its persevering apathy, have given him a certain reputation throughout the school.

Chris is a dedicated voyeur, preferring, as he does, to watch rather than participate in sports, and he has given his support, such as it is, to the Montreal Canadians. Ever eager to generate excitement, if not to be excited, it was Chris who incited the first revolution against classroom clean-up. When it comes to academics, however, he is no bystander, and he has consistently held a spot on the Honour Roll.

Chris will claim that his ambitions are to be utterly rich, to have the thermos ever full of pink lemonade, and never to contribute voluntarily to anything. Intelligent, satirical, cynical – and maybe just a little sick – Chris will certainly be a salient personality at whichever major university he chooses to pursue a degree in the arts.



### XAVIER SETO

*"For words divide and rend; But silence is most noble till the end."*

—Swinburne

Xavier arrived at H.G.S. two years ago with little knowledge of English. Since that time he has become quite proficient, and proven himself an able scholar; when the time is right, however, he stands in mute bewilderment, claiming not to understand a word. Yet he seldom misses a joke, and shows his appreciation of our humour with a soft, particular chuckle.

Because of his quiet character, we in his class have been wont sometimes even to question his very presence: once, however, someone forgot to do so, and he was left behind on a soccer trip. Luckily he arrived in time to score the winning goal in the semi-finals. As well as great finesse on the soccer field, Xavier also has skill in basketball.

Whether he will decide to study, or to play basketball, no one has divined; whichever it is, however, we are sure that his ability will not go unnoticed.



### CHRISTOPHER GRAHAM VOIGT

*"Have something to say; say it, and stop when you've done."*

—Tryon Edwards

Though he is one of three "Christophers" in the class, Chris has distinguished himself from the other two by his quiet humility and terseness in all situations. His interest in sport, and in hockey in particular, is not unique in our class; but his obsessional attitude toward that gladiatorial contest on ice, and his knack of relating most any subject to hockey are truly astounding. His special point of view ("How does that process relate to athletics—specifically, hockey?") always expressed succinctly, has enlivened our science classes. Chris will probably attend Dalhousie next year.

## ASHLEY MacNEVIN WALLACE

*"Please do not shoot the pianist. He is doing his best".*

—Oscar Wilde

At university next year Ashley intends to major in her favorite subject, biology. Her patience and calm determination equip her admirably for peering through microscopes at minute wriggling creatures, and for the precise work of deciding which skinny bit deep in the bowels of some half-dissected reptile corresponds to the neat little tube in the diagram.

Ashley's best has been more than enough to prevent her from being shot; it has earned her the respect of her co-workers on the *Grammarians*, where she was Literary Editor, a thankless task, last year, and on the Students' Council, of which she is Secretary. Her extra-curricular activities include sailing and playing the piano.

Ashley has a wry outlook on life which is appreciated by her friends. She is blessed with a perceptive mind, with an instinct for reconciliation, and a dependability that leaves no question as to whether she will do what she says she will do, and do it well; she has been a valued member of our class.

## ANDREW PHILIP WELCH

*"To him that absent is All things succeed amiss."*

—Cervantes

In his eleven years at the school Andrew has left a mark which will not soon be erased. His involvement in extra-curricular activities has ranged from being campaign manager for two opposing candidates simultaneously in a Students' Council election, to a hilarious tour de force performance as Einstein in last year's production of "Arsenic and Old Lace". One anecdote concerning this play provides a typical and illuminating view of Andrew: he caused an exquisite panic backstage on closing night as he did not appear until ten minutes before curtain time, sending at least two actors, in full costume, scurrying wildly about the city looking for him. "I missed the bus," he explained as he was dressed, made up and castigated in record time; yet that night with some ad libs and clever, unexpected stage business, he gave his best performance of the entire run. Andrew has the peculiar and terrifying ability of being conspicuous by his absence when his presence is desired, and by his presence when his absence is sought; and of improving everything in which he meddles.

To be fair, Andrew has a willing, helpful nature: he has been indispensable this year in the rewriting of the Students' Council Constitution, and has often suffered near-electrocution while repairing the school's lighting system when a certified electrician was unavailable. Andrew is also the school's star debator, and has done much to enhance our reputation at tournaments in Central Canada. He has a gift for subtle and witty argument, barbed repartee—and a natural comic bent. The achievement of which he is proudest is winning the McGill Invitational in 1977.

His debating skill is rivalled only by his ability as a mathematician, and next year he will forge ahead with the best into the University of Waterloo—half an hour late, maybe—but everyone will know when he has arrived.

## MICHAEL JOHN ZYRD

*"Sincerity, deep, genuine, heart-felt sincerity is a trait of true and noble manhood."*

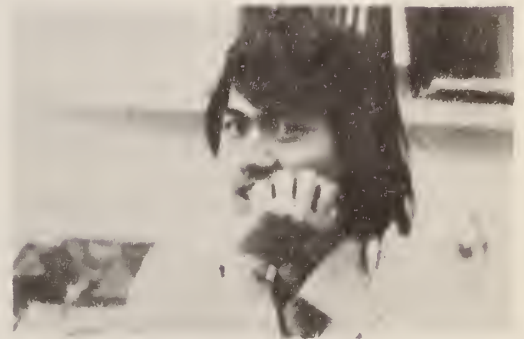
—Sterne

Though Michael fears that many people regard him as merely "harmless", his friends know him to be a sincere, thoughtful person, alternately serious and quietly funny. In his three years here Michael has been active in all areas of school life: he is an honour student, a member of the basketball, volleyball, and soccer teams, and a regular at informal badminton and football games. He has, in addition, carefully ministered to the Students' Council finances as Treasurer this year, worked hard as Glooscap's House captain, and taken some good photos for the *Grammarians*. One must note, however, while looking at the breadth of his activities, the effort he puts into everything he does.

Though with his blond hair and straight teeth he reminds us of a UCLA student, Michael is a dedicated Canadian, and next year will probably attend Queen's or the University of Calgary to study life sciences.









## *Prep One*

**Front Row:** David Keefe, Paul Simms, Nate Dorward, Jason Giddens, Peter Lee,  
Davis Webb, Yumi Chang, Adrian Osmond

**Second Row:** L. Murray, Sean Kirby, Tyan Farley, Martin Garcia, Matthew Cartledge,  
Adam Boswick, Zareen Ahmad, Marko Hansen

**Absent:** Daniel Byrne, Bobby Rakshit, Andrew Sacamano, John Shorter

### *If I were the teacher I would....*

**Tyan** - set them up on their knees in the hall if they were bad.

**Martin** - give them easier math.

**John** - have recess after the recess time.

**Andrew** - let them play games whenever they finish their work.

**Bobby** - throw the kids out the window if they were bad (I would open the window first).

**Sean** - take the class for lots of walks for exercise and take them to MacDonalds for lunch.

**Marko** - have lots of project activities.

**Davis** - If kids were bad i'd boil them in a pot.

**David** - ask the kids what they would do if they were the teacher!

**Paul** - teach the kids how to build big buildings.

**Jason** - let my class play all day and I would play with them.

When we aren't playing, we will dance.

**Peter** - sleep for the whole morning. I'll teach the children at my house.

**Daniel** - send them to the principal if they wouldn't go outside.

**Adam** - give bad children two weeks detention.

**Matthew** - If they were noisy, make them print hard words and then put them in the hall for 8 seconds.

**Nate** - let them learn about science and vibrations.

**Adrian** - make them do some work — three or four papers.

**Zareen** - if someone wasn't listening, leave them alone. They'll feel sorry for themselves, then they will come and work.

**Yumi** - tell the children the rules.



## *Prep Two*

**Front Row:** Susie Abbott, Kelly Murphy, Nora Bednarski, Toni Fried, Tracie Boswell,  
Tami Meretsky  
**Middle Row:** Kelcey Parker, Christopher Lankester, Brian Audain, Riza Hosein,  
George Nikolaou  
**Back Row:** S. Lewis, Asim Wali, Michael Cowie, George Bulmer, Sarah Newman,  
Emily Doolittle, Matthew Campbell  
**Absent:** Jean Grindley, Mark McCallum, Daniel Thompson, Dawn Logan

*The best thing about being in Prep Two was...*

**Kelly** - when Asim came back from Pakistan.  
**Dawn** - well we put on a play and it was fun. It was a little hard because it was french. I liked it a lot.  
**Nora** - when Kelly poured milk on Asim's head and he got a milk shampoo.  
**Tami** - stuffed animal day because I brought a teddy bear.  
**George N.** - playing anything kid and enrgy man. We're on the good guys side.  
**Jean** - coming back to school after I was sick.  
**Chris** - when the kissing girls were kissing the boys.  
**Sarah** - when Kelly poured milk on Asim.  
**Mark** - playing Bingo and dominoes.  
**Brian** - Mr. Naud sat on me.  
**Asim** - when Mister Nod picked me up and twirled me around.  
**Riza** - gym time.  
**Emily** - kissing all the boys when it wasn't Valentine's Day  
**Daniel** - when the Glosscaps bete Royals 19-5.  
**Susie** - when Mr. Naud sat on Asim.  
**Michael** - British Bulldog in gym.  
**Traci** - the yum yum store. I sold radishes with Michel and cheese with Sarah.  
**George B.** - reading, Mrs Lweis, fortune tellers.  
**Kelcey** - that I had a nice ticher.  
**Toni** - and Kelly poring milk on Asim's hed.



### *Prep Three*

**Front Row:** Nicholas Irmie, Chris Jeans, Katy Laycock, Allison Fairhurst,  
Chris Saunderson, David Christiansen, Alison May, Vanessa Urquart  
**Middle Row:** Gillian Mann, Andrea McCulloch, Jason Holt, Elan Stewart, Anil Bhardwaj,  
Michael Rainnie, Elaine Lee, Jennifer Smith  
**Back Row:** O. Scibior, Billy Said, Mishko Hansen, Lukas Pearse, Andy Chamard,  
Adam Cockfield, Jonathan Cook, Sean Johnson, Ralph Marfels  
**Absent:** Jocelyn Gillis

*What this class needs is....*

**Allison** - a bigger room.  
**Sean** - more boys.  
**Katie** - more girls.  
**Anil** - less girls!!! Yuk!  
**Jon** - NO girls!  
**David** - less people.  
**Mishko** - a cowculator. I'm terrible at math.  
**Adam** - a computer.  
**Ralph** - a bigger room.  
**Chris S.** - a sink because the people who we does wash water wont  
have to go all the way to the prep one class.  
**Nicholas** - a bathroom! So we don't need to go out of the room.  
**Michael** - a bigger room.  
**Chris J.** - a good paint job!  
**Jennifer** - more tidying up!  
**Elaine** - rules. We made rules and punishments. Some people  
already broke the rules we made.  
**Gillian** - no more spelling tests.  
**Lucas** - to be more consitarit!  
**Andrea** - quiter people and a bigger room,  
**Andy** - a pie in their faces.  
**Vanessa** - a life resuver.  
**Alison** - a valentines party.  
**Jason** - a fuzz trek motion picture.  
**Jocelyn** - a bigger classroom and more girls and less boy.  
**Elan** - more room and more girls and less boys and more space to  
hang things from the sealing and on the wall.  
**Billy** - some pice and quit.



## *Prep Four*

**Front Row:** Evan Jones, Jeff Halliday, Victor Bigio, Lara Robinson, Jessica Welles,  
Sarah Jollimore, Cathy Novac, Daniel Rees  
**Middle Row:** Michelle Horacek, Munju Ravindra, Mark Yeats, Troy Dolomont,  
Jonathan Dolin, Richard Billard, Paul Burnell, Tania Robinson  
**Back Row:** A. Smith, Ian McEaney, Peter Mann, Eric Block, Jamie Ross, Jason Herod,  
Keresti Tacreiter, Edmond Rees, Michel Stephens  
**Absent:** Miles Sheridan, Robin Shore

### *Rules Adults Should Obey*

**Jason** - Husband and wife should not divorce each other because it could cause trouble to the children.  
**Jessica** - When I get married I do not want to have children even if my husband wants to.  
**Edmond** - Adults should give the children a chauffeur driven limousine for their birthdays.  
**Victor** - Adults should let the child sleep in.  
**Jonathan** - Adults should let us have all the ice cream we can eat.  
**Paul** - Children's allowances should be raised by twenty-five cents every six months.  
**Mark** - If the adults are invited to a party you should go too.  
**Tania** - I think adults should let their children have long hair.  
**Peter** - When you are shopping don't ask your child to buy something when they are only five years old.  
**Robin** - I should not be sent to the next door neighbour's house to borrow flour or milk.  
**Kersti** - Adults should tell their children to get something from upstairs when the children ARE upstairs, instead of making them go up again.  
**Michel** - Adults shouldn't swear around children.  
**Eric** - Adults should come home early at night because they could give their children the habit of staying out late.  
**Cathy** - Adults should not smoke because it might make children do it too and it is bad for yoy.  
**James** - Adults should teach us to be careful with dangerous tools like knives.  
**Richard** - Adults should not drive carelessly in front of children.  
**Danny** - Adults should not talk of the bad things their children did.  
**Michelle** - Adults should encourage children to like books.  
**Miles** - Adults should not interrupt you while you are reading.  
**Troy** - Adults should read to them at bedtime to help them go to sleep.  
**Ian** - Do not spoil your children.  
**Munju** - Whether you are the oldest or the youngest you should be treated kindly.  
**Lara** - Adults should let children prove their point.  
**Evan** - Adults should try to cheer children up when they are sad.  
**Sarah** - Adults should talk to them and make them feel wanted.  
**Jeff** - Adults should have enough sense to keep them.



### *Prep Five*

**Front Row:** Frank Ckark, Sherene Hosein, Susan Halebsky, Beth Medjuck, John Cameron, Shawn Sable, Edward Rees

**Middle Row:** I. Spenser, Sharon Chamard, Jonathan Meretsky, Roger Porter, Patrick Oland, Asad Wali, Katie Stewart

**Back Row:** Stephanie White, Michael Burden, David Robertson, David Haliday, Lorraine Belitsky, Kenny Schwartz, Sean Boswick

**Absent:** Scott Logan, Cindy Pink

#### *If I built the new labs, I would...*

**David H.** - turn Susan into a little moth and hit her with a flyswater.

**Sherene** - put alot of antiques in them.

**Sean** - tie teachers up and burn the rope over a nitric, hydrochloric, and citric acid pool.

**Sharon** - build a large space luxury cruiser, so people could go on trips to the planets.

**Cindy** - make a place for inventing different animals.

**Partick** - mix a lot of chemicals together and turn into dracula.

**Roger** - make a freeze ray to stop Sean and David from beating me up.

**Ken** - make a machine that would keep chalk off Mr. Spencer.

**Lorraine** - stuff David R.'s head in the beaker with all of the acids.

**Katie** - have a place to make pink and purple elephants.

**Beth** - make a store where you could go and get something to eat and drink.

**David R.** - make a glue to keep Katie Stewart's mouth shut.

**Scott** - make a gun that made pictures move.

**Asad** - make an observatory on top.

**Susan** - fill the rooms with laughing gas.

**Edward** - make a Nuclear bomb...

**Stephanie** - blow the teachers up.

**Jonathan** - use Cindy Pink as a crossbeam.

**Shawn** - not be siting in this stupid classroom doing work.



## *Prep Six*

**Front Row:** Richard Osmond, Jay Ferguson, Liam Murphy, Minga O'Brien,  
Joanna Forsyth, Johanna Steffan, Benjamin Dolin, Matthew Murphy.

**Middle Row:** Renn Holness, Neil McCulloch, Howard Regan, Samantha Imrie,  
John Peter Beale, Steven Sherman, Rebecca Lazier, Walter Kemp.

**Back Row:** J. Lankester, Katie Andrews, Peter Thomas, Peter You, Sarah Burns,  
Geoffrey Mann, Christopher Thibeau, Raonull Conover, John Chadwick-Jones

**Absent:** Sarah Beresford-Green.

*When I get to Upper School I want to....*

**Katie** - STAY in Florida.

**John-Peter** - have a nice time.

**Sarah B.-G.** - go to the Spoon five days a week.

**Sarah B.** - have March Break all year round.

**John C.-J.** - be sick on every exam day.

**Raonull** - beat up on the prep school.

**Benjamin** - be the first kid in the school to meet Loni Anderson.

**Jay** - join the Monty Python Society and grow taller!

**Joanna** - grow tall and look down at Sarah Burns.

**Stephanie** - do something spectacular or important and become famous  
throughout the school for it.

**Renn** - earn \$2,111,000,000,000,000,000.

**Samantha** - do nothing.

**Walter** - not dicect a frog.

**Rebecca** - be sick when 5000 word essays are assigned.

**Geoffrey** - live, breathe, and FLY!

**Neil** - be on Mr. Naud's basketball team.

**Liam** - be an assistant to a P.C. caridate.

**Matthew** - still be able to doodle well.

**Minga** - have fun and not learn a lot.

**Richard** - have teachers who like me.

**Howard** - learn German.

**Steven** - have a six hour recess.

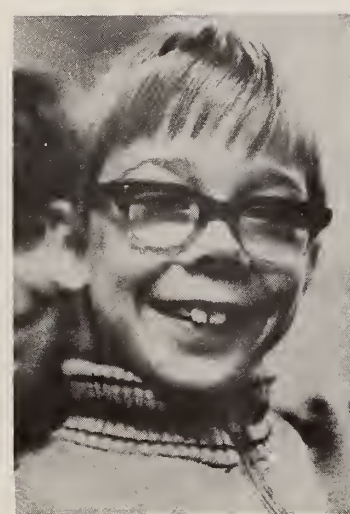
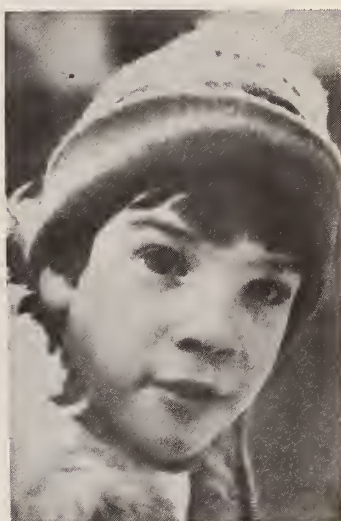
**Johanna** - beat Matthew in the arm hang.

**Christopher** - be a *Grammarian* photographer.

**Peter T.** - skate from Alaska to the U.S.S.R.

**Peter Y.** build a rat trap for Mr. Naud.







## *Upper One*

**Front Row:** Ken Oppel, Rebecca O'Brien, Katherine Bishop, Anthony Novac, Paul MacNeil, Faith Wallace, George Kyreakakos, Malcolm Fraser.

**Middle Row:** K. Degrasse, Richard Lankester, Steven Boswick, Arlene Conter, Erik Davis, Adam Stern, Rick Redden, Andrew Oland, Gregory Dickey

**Back Row:** Allyson Simmie, Tanja Swart, Jem Clark, Derick Honig, Louise Cameron, Patrick Keefe, Brigid Roscoe, Jane Abbott

**Absent:** Kim Aerts

*This class just wouldn't be the same without...*

**Jane's VOICE!!**

**Kim's** Dungeons and Dragons.

**Katherine's** brain.

**Steven's** interminable excuses.

**Louise's** last-minute homework.

**Jem's** attendance (or lack of same....).

**Arlene's** pessimism.

**Erik's** hair.

**Greg's** "energy".

**Malcolm's** hats.

**Derick's** bickering.

**Patrick's** mooching.

**Richard's** silence.

**Paul's** seven course lunches.

**Anthony's** attempts at machismo.

**Rebecca's** joie de vivre.

**Andrew's** grin.

**Ken's** sarcasm.

**Rick's** politics.

**Brigid's** giggle.

**Allyson's** good nature.

**Adam's** Students' Council reports.

**Tanja's** innocent smile.

**Faith's** disapprovals.





## *Upper Two*

**Front Row:** Paul Carver, Peter York, Kirsten Beckett, Nicole Lazar, Andrew Allen, Wayne Aspinall, Patrick Roscoe, Robert Stairs, John Lannon.

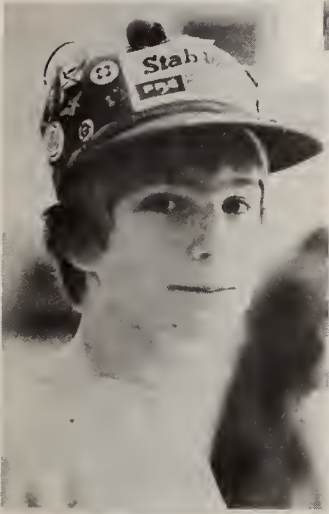
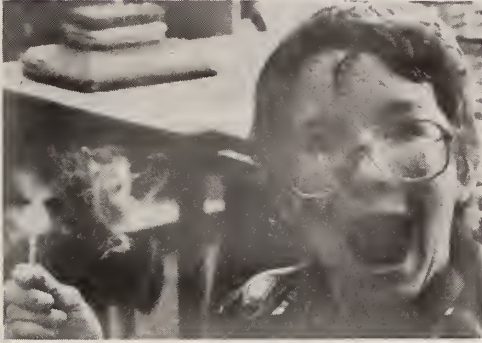
**Middle Row:** N. Scobbie, Belinda Smith, Jane Fairhurst, Mark Burnell, Nadine Bishop, Jonas Steffan, Kamran Ahmad, Sabeena Ahmad, Nancy Rees.

**Back Row:** Benedict O'Halloran, Andrew Turner, Douglas Regan, Chris Mitchell, Sarah Caines, Elaine Murphy, Jan Crick, Lonsdale Holland.

**Absent:** Michael Pink.

*The class wouldn't be the same without....*

**Kamran's** irresponsibility.  
**Sabeena's** rotten singing.  
**Andrew A.'s** lengthy legs.  
**Wayne's** cut-off T-shirts.  
**Kirsten's** excuses for not doing homework.  
**Nadine** and her boyfriend, Mr. Universe.  
**Mark's** good right arm.  
**Sarah's** new words.  
**Paul's** orderly arrangement of homework papers.  
**Jan's** fuzzy hair.  
**Jane's** futile attempt to sell her tropical fish.  
**Lon's** "rubber band" pants.  
**John's** untimely outbursts in French class.  
**Nicole's** intelligence.  
**Chrissy's** pathetic jokes.  
**Elaine's** infatuation with skates.  
**Ben's** speech impediment ("sagittal appliance").  
**Mike's** stupid questions.  
**Nancy's** "Snair's White Bread" lunch bag.  
**Douglas's** English accent.  
**Patrick's** colourfully nauseating commentaries.  
**Bimbi's** "um's".  
**Robert's** love for motorboats.  
**Jonas's** non-existent voice.  
**Andrew T.'s** connecting eyebrows.  
**Peter's** embarrassed blushing.  
**Mrs. Scobbie** and her friends x, y, and z.





## *Upper Three*

**Front Row:** Howie Green, Bruck Kirby, Chris Lee, Jimmy Badcock, Tim Klassen,  
Dora Kemp, Carol Kemp, Addesh Mago.

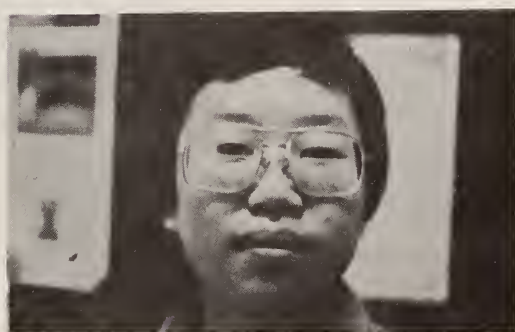
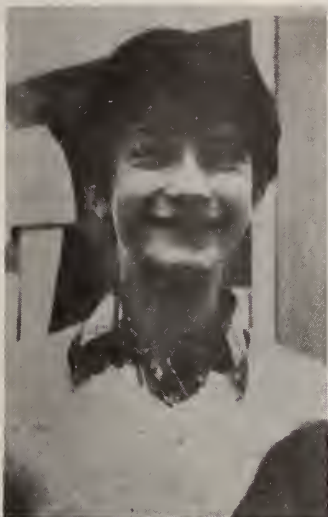
**Middle Row:** B. Faught, Jane Zayid, Athena Kartsaklis, Christina Frei, Chris Robinson,  
Michael McKinnell, Ewen Wallace, John You, Steven Murphy, Paul Kundzins.

**Back Row:** Heather Arthur, Anne Hayward, Peter Nicholson, Judith Abbott,  
Nancy Hawkins, David Crick, John Quinlan, Sven Perth, Patrick O'Brien.

**Absent:** Stacie Geraghty.

*This class just wouldn't be the same without....*

**Judith's** comb.  
**Heather's** longjohns.  
**Jimmy's** dirty jokes.  
**David (Pride's)** tongue.  
**Christina's** guinea pigs.  
**Stacie (Covetousness's)** hysterics.  
**Howie's** flourescent hair.  
**Nancy (Lechery's)** box lunches.  
**Anne's** unlove of Bruce.  
**Athena's** sweat-shirts.  
**Carol (Envy's)** oil well.  
**Dora's** refinery.  
**Bruce (Mephistophiles's)** love of Anne.  
**Tim's** complexion.  
**Paul's** "Say what"s.  
**Chris L. (Dr. Faustus's)** space-age tooth jewelry.  
**Addesh (Lucifer's)** basketball finesse.  
**Michael (Wrath's)** oversexed psyche.  
**Steven's** chortle.  
**Peter's** prominent gluteus.  
**Patrick's** beer belly.  
**Sven's** electronic toys.  
**John Q.'s** body....  
**Chris R. (Sloth's)** hyperactive macho.  
**Ewen (Gluttony's)** fundamental perversion.  
**John Y.'s** passion for Judith.  
**Jane's** fuzzies.





## *Upper Four*

**Front Row:** Paul Seto, Tim Brandys, Daniel Hoffman, Linda Peers, Laura Cameron, Peter Grover, Victoria Allen.

**Middle Row:** I. Andrews, Bill Moreash, Kate Lazier, John Guy, Torquil Duncan, Paul Russell, Ken Nathanson, Coleen Kirby.

**Back Row:** William Brandon, Ian Megill, Michael Caines, Moritz Gaede, Patrick Connors, Robbie Sinclair, Andrew Badley, David Oancia.

**Absent:** Melanie Jackson, Iain Macleod.

*The class just would not have been the same without....*

**Andrew's** tales of hunting and fishing.

**John's** humorous imitations of Mr. Naud (behind his back).

**Bill's** Swiss charm (i.e. Eau de Goat).

**Kenneth's** obsessions.

**Vicky's** insistence upon doing nothing in English except sending notes.

**William's** loud outbursts in class.

**Moritz's** detailed precision.

**Paul S.'s** untimely arrivals.

**Robbie's** tanglefootedness.

**Laura's** history marks.

**Tim's** quiet confidence.

**Danny's** ingenuity.

**Iain's** ability to complicate the simplest questions.

**David's** punk socialism.

**Kate's** extra-curricular activities.

**Patrick's** French gestures.

**Michael's** incredibly vogue appearance.

**Torquil's** complaints of useless information.

**Melanie** — our Christmas present.

**Peter's** chess(t) abilities.

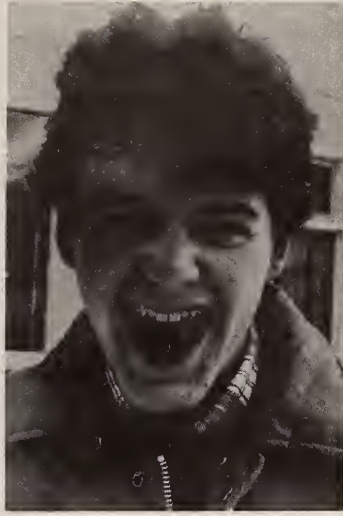
**Coleen's** molesting men.

**Ian's** nimble fingers.

**Linda's** universal answer to every question: "Eh?"

**Paul R.'s** trusty calculator.

**Mrs. Andrew's** laryngitis.





## *Upper Five*

**Front Row:** Theodore Norvell, Laurent LePierres, John Embil, Heather MacIvor,  
Lou Tou Kong.

**Middle Row:** R. Naud, Heather Wilson, Mary Langille, Victoria Palmer,  
Said Kahnamelli, Lloyd Oppel, Peter Dawson.

**Back Row:** Ranald Sinclair, Chris Caines, Philip Rees, Charles Mingo,  
Greg Hammond, Andrew McKee.

*This class just wouldn't be the same without...*

**Chris'** special recipe for carbonized spaghetti.

**Peter's** superior (?) "taste" (?) in men's couture (?)

**John's** "Well, there's an expression in Spanish..." in French class.

**Greg's** poils of wisdom and his flying tomato act.

**Saeed's** locker room etiquette.

**Mary's** karma-enhancing nasal hairs.

**Laurent's** self-effacement.

**Kong's** Western women (oolala!)

**Heather MacIvor** — and it sure isn't.

**Andrew's** outspokenness!

**Charlie's** "Chemistry—that's easy. You know; I'll have a 99  
average this term.

**Theodore's** revolutionary "musical" entertainment.

**Lloyd** and his magical vanishing briefcase.

the NEW IMPROVED (!) **Vicky**.

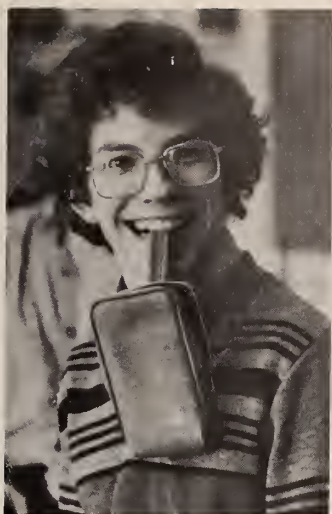
**Philip's** "You'll see—a classic!" interior decoration.

**Ronald...** "Er...that's Ranald sir."... "Oh — oh, yes, Ronald —  
I mean RANALD."

**Heather W.'s** SHRIEKING pinks.

**Mr. Naud** and the Upper V Philharmonic's weekly renditions of  
*Rhapsody for Cherry-Bellied Student*.

and **Urs'** continued spiritual presence...





# Literature





## Literary Editor's Note:

The volume of entries from Preps Four to Six and Upper Four to Six was very gratifying this year. The rather poor response from other grades is compensated for by the quality of entries that did come in: note, for instance, the considerable achievement, for one so young, of sustained thought in Emily Doolittle's "Birdys Friends", and the remarkably well developed sensibility shown in the two poems from Upper Two.

A word on the arrangement of the entries: there are a few anonymous entries in the Upper Four to Six section, and scattered throughout it are Peter Dawson's "Vinaigrettes" and "The Wit and Wisdom of M. Kenneth Nathanson" which won Third Prize. At the end of this section are a few poems in French and non-competitive entries by members of *The Grammarian* staff involved in the judging.

I extend to Dr. Brownlow my warm thanks for his help in the difficult process of selecting the winners, and to all those who submitted to the grueling task of typing and retyping, a craft in which I am quite unskilled.

Christopher G. Caines  
Literary Editor

## *Preps One to Three*

### SLEEPING SARDINES

*I'm tired of eating just beans  
says I so I opened a can of sardines.  
but they started to squeak  
hey were trying to sleep  
we were snugled up tight  
till you let in the light  
you big silly sap  
let us finish our nap  
now close the lid  
so thats what I did.  
Would somebody please pass the beans!*

*Gillian Mann  
Prep Three  
First Prize*

## BIRDYS FRIENDS

Once upon a time a bird named Nelly was sitting on her nest. There were four eggs. One day the tree began to shake. Nelly didn't no it was an earthquake. One egg began to hatch. Out came a little bird. Nelly named him John. One day when John could fly they moved. They had to leave the eggs with a friend. By that time the tree stopped shaking. The place they moved to was quite hot. A few days later they saw owl carrying something to them. When he got closer they saw it was a bag with the top off. He landed in the tree. In the bag was the bird she lent the eggs to. Two eggs were hatching. One bird was out allready. She named him Whitey. The other egg hatched. She was named Birdy. The other egg hatch at Nellys friends house and flew away. Birdy was still in the nest for Christmas.

*Birdy was still in the nest.*

*She got a lot of seeds and toys. They all got a house.*

*The birds got captured. They were taken to a place were there were lots of birds. They were taught to read and talk. Birdy soon got sold.*

*He missed the rest of his family. Fortunaetly the people who owned her knew the people who owned Whitey. The people who owned Birdy were named Emily the child and Ford and Helen the mother and father. Soon they went back to the place were they got Birdy. They brought Birdy because she kept screming. They said it was she had a very good friend and so they let Birdy out. She flew on to a cage with a very tame chickadee. So they bought him. They got married and had some eggs. The babies looked very funny. They were called cockadees and chickatiels.*

*Birdy learned to talk read and write. They often asked her to fetch things. She took baths with people. One day it was her birthday they asked her what she would like to do most. She said she would like to go to school with Emily. So Birdy went to school with Emily. She liked school. She learned some things. For her birthday she had a seed cake. She liked it.*

*One day on her way home she made some friends. The next day at school they had gym. They played british bulldog. Birdy liked it.*

*At last it was Saturday. She was glad. She wanted to go on a picnic. So they did. It was a nice day for a picnic. Just after they finished eating it started to rain so they went home.*

*Inthe newspaper it circus espeshly for birds! Birdy was exited. She wanted to go so we let her go. We came too. When we got there we got on rides. They were fun. Birdy thought it was great. It was time for lunch. We bought some cotton candy. Birdy had some too. She had a small extra one. Ours were bigger. Birdy didn't mind. She liked it.*

*It was time to leave. Birdy didn't mind. It had been a long day. The fair was a long way out of town. They decided to go to the hotel. Birdy is already asleep. At the hotel everyone was asleep. In the town everyone was asleep exept a secret gang. They went at night. It was the first time they did it here. They would make noises.*

*Birdy woke up. She was scared. We went to get her. We gave her a snack. Birdy went back to sleep. She slept in very late in the morning. We went home.*

*Emily Doolittle  
Prep Two  
Second Prize*

*Once there was a little bug cawling in a mug. Then some tea came and he said yow thats hot! But then he felt his teeth yes they were just right. So he started to chew thew the bottom of the mug. So finally he made it. And then he flew away, and went into the drain. And he was safe at last in his home town. And for a celebration they drank the tea that leaked all over the table in the kitchen and thats the END.*

*Anil Bhardwaj  
Prep Three*

*Once there was this funny old squirrel and he had a spring on his tail and whenever he wanted to get out of his tree his spring would always sprung spring sprang.*

*Adrian Osmond  
Prep One*

## *Preps Four to Six*

### *HOT CROSS BUNS*

*Characters: Tankle  
Tinkle  
Tweedy  
Toesy  
Hot cross bun witch*

*Tinkle, Tankle, Tweedy and Toesy are going around in circles, holding hands with their eyes closed singing;*

*"Tinkle, Tankle, Toesy,...."*

*The hot cross bun witch takes Tinkle, Tankle, Tweedy and Toesy into her castle one by one. She takes her rocket ship and goes in space to get the secret formula for cooking Tinkle, Tankle, Tweedy and Toesy into hot cross buns.*

*Tinkle, Tankle, Tweedy and Toesy, escape from the witchs castle and jump onto her rocket ship, which is so old that it can only bring one person at a time. The witch is then forced to land her ship. This makes her furious, she lets Tinkle, Tankle, Tweedy and Toesy go. They all hold hands, with their eyes closed, going around in circles singing:*

*"Tinkle, Tankle, Toesy,..."*

*When the witch wasn't mad any more, she takes the children into her castle again one by one. This time she doesn't go to space because she knows they'll escape. She puts Tinkle, Tankle, Tweedy and Toesy in the pot to cook and they start singing:*

*"Hot cross buns,  
"Hot cross buns,  
"One a penny,  
"Two a penny,  
"Hot cross buns."*

*Written by Cathy Novac  
Prep Four  
First Prize*

*Performed by Cathy Novac  
Robin Shore  
Munju Ravindra  
Tania Robertson  
Kersti Tacreiter  
Prep Four*

#### MY BEST HALLOWE'EN YET

*Two years ago, when I was Dracula, and my brother was a pancake (he always dresses up queerly) we went out on a full moon. My dog had died the week before, and we were heart-broken. The day before there was a bus crash, claiming the lives of 13 people. This night seemed very different from from any other nights.*

*We left at 7 o'clock, for tricks or treats. First we went to North Street, only to find it was closed down. We took a short cut to Maynard Street.*

*We walked for a while to a creepy house. It was known as Blood Valley. We went up to the door and knocked. A bloody voice called out, "Go away!" We obeyed and ran home. I didn't come out the next Hallowe'en.*

*Sharon Chamard  
Prep Five  
Second Prize*

#### TWO IN BED

*When my brother Tommy  
Sleeps in bed with me  
he doubles up  
and makes a  
V*

*Sarah Jollimore  
Prep Four  
Third Prize*

## WILD DOG

*A wild dog roams the streets  
Of our smelly Welsh mining village  
He's sleek.  
He walks with a noble air about him.  
He runs with the wind.  
He moves through the streets  
Like a shadow.  
He's black like the coal  
The town produces.  
He nips scraps by day,  
Stealing from the butchers.  
He spends his day  
Roaming the streets of the town.  
When I return to my bed in the evening  
I hear a piercing howl  
That awakens the sleepy town.*

Walter Kemp  
Prep Six  
Honourable Mention

## SNEEKING OUT

*One day (when I was 5 years old) my Mother and brother went to Dublin to shop (we lived in Ireland). During that time my Father was at work. My sister and I were in the house alone. I was looking in my moneybox as I always did admiring the collection of jewelry and change I had when I discovered a pound that I had forgotten about. I shouted to Becca (my sister) to come where I was when I got an idea. I asked Becca if she wanted to go to the Pub across the street and the immediate answer was shore.*

*We put on our coats and walked over to the pub. As we went in everybody looked at us goggled eyed but we just stared right back. I noticed Gerry O'Brien a drunk which my mother said she had an eye on. I couldn't believe it when I saw him. He looked scruffy, dirty and as if he hadn't changed his clothes in a year.*

*Becca and I walked up to the counter where the barman was. I asked Becca "do you want beer, whiskey, wine or pop?" She answered "pop please." "What kind," I asked and she answered, "orange with chips please." I thought I might as well have what she's going to have so I asked the barman to give us what we wanted.*

*We waited for the barman to give us our pop and chips and went to the outside tables.*

*When we were just about finished we saw our car go in the driveway so we gulped everything down quickly. When we got home Mum asked us where we were and I said brutally, "at our friends house!"*

Minga O'Brien  
Prep Six  
Honourable Mention

Editor's Note: This story was subscripted, "True Story Remembered".

## A WASP FLEW IN

*One day Michael opened his mouth and in flew a large wasp! Can you imagine Michael's reaction? I am going to tell you about it.*

*It was the last period of the day and everyone was tired. Whensuddenly Michael opened his mouth to yawn. Mr. Spencer said, "Please don't swallow me".*

*But as Mr. Spencer said that, a huge wasp flew into his mouth. Michael jumped up frantically around the room and screamed because while the wasp was trying to get out (the wasp got out) it stung him. The wasp sting burned like fire in his mouth.*

*Michael screamed so loudly the headmaster came in. Mr. Spencer told the headmaster the whole story. The Secretary phoned Michael's mother.*

*In the meantime Michael went to the hospital. They tried to get the stinger out with a pair of tweezer but the stinger was too far in. The doctor said that Michael's mouth would have to be operated on.*

*The next morning he was operated on. The doctor cut two incisions that ran about two cm. from his mouth. They wedged the stinger out with a pin. The doctor sewed the incisions up -- and all the time Michael was asleep.*

*When he woke up he could not eat anything for two days. Michael thought that was the worst thing.*

*When Michael came back to school everyone saw his scar.*

*Never again was Michael going to open his mouth so wide.*

*Susan Halebsky  
Prep Five*

## A LIMERICK

*There once was a man from Grambore,  
Who couldn't fit through his front door,  
'Cause he ate like a pig,  
That's why he's so big,  
Some day he will burst, I'm quite sure!*

*Lara Robinson  
Prep Four*

## SKIING

*Up on the hilltop I stand,  
My arms feel like fans  
And my hands feel like wings,  
As I hold my poles with my woolen mitts  
It is so cold I can hear the wind sing.*

*I plant my poles beside me,  
Then I turn my skis around  
I bring my skis together,  
and then I fling myself around.*

*Down the hill I fly,  
I don't care who is by,  
The wind whistles down my back  
As I whizz my way down the slope,  
I find myself at the bottom already  
But how could this be,  
I was just at the top of the glistening hill.*

*Lorraine Belitsky  
Prep Five*

## SCOTT LOGAN IN 2001

*"Well I think I'll fold the bed into the wall and go have some bacon cubes and milk tablets," said 32 year old Scott Logan. "Yum those were good."*

*I told my wife that I was taking the transport tube and not the flying ship. I called my boss on the "D.B." (distance breaker - a modern means of telecommunication.)*

*I arrived at work and punched a button on my computer to see whom I was working with today.*

*At 12:00 hours I went home to have lunch. It was, yum; orange juice tablets, stake cubes, and chocolate pudding pills. Then I went back to work.*

*When I came home at 18:00 hours I watched some T.V. with my two children. I told them to go to bed. I watched some more T.V. and went to bed.*

*Scott Logan  
Prep Five*

## THE DREADFUL DEVILFISH

*The devilfish or giant manta ray,  
Is very dreadful as most people say.  
It is a broad flat fish with a slender tail,  
The wing span, about the length of a pilot whale.  
It is black on the top and the bottom's white,  
It is nice to look at, a beautiful sight.  
The devilfish has teeth that are quite small,  
So the devilfish is not so dreadful after all.*

*Peter Thomas  
Prep Six*

## DESSERT IS DELICIOUS

*Oh how I love dessert. When I start my meal I can't wait until dessert. I'd rather have dessert than my meal. Tonight we had blueberry pie, but I wasn't allowed to have it because I didn't eat my supper. I didn't like it anyways.*

*I like dessert because it fills my stomach right to the top. Everything is always so good. My favorite dessert is chocolate cake. There is always one problem: it makes you fat! The phone rang. I answered it. It was my friend, Sandy.*

*"How would you like to go to the French Pastry after school?" she asked.*

*"Sounds delicious" I said.*

*When we got there we almost fainted because everything looked so good. The cupcakes looked so rich and chocolately. So did the chocolate cakes. The cookies looked fantastic, so chewy, so good. We bought almost ten of everything.*

*When we got home my mother almost killed me.*

*She said, "Oh Cindy, why did you buy so much?"*

*"It all looked so good that I couldn't resist it."*

*I said. My mother tried a cupcake, she said, "Cindy I forgive you. They're delicious!"*

*Cindy Pink  
Prep Five*

## WITCHING HOUR

*Mean old witch,  
Cackling to herself  
Smiling a toothless smile.  
Her tall black hat,  
Its gold strip shining,  
Points toward the moon.  
Her dress is a dull black,  
Mournfully ripped,  
Suddenly a cat lands on the peak of her hat,  
Skinny and black,  
It purrs happily.  
Her broom shining magically,  
No straw but threads,  
They whizz past a candle-lit jack-o-lantern,  
Its grin wide and gaping.  
An owl,  
Nowhere to be seen,  
Hoots hauntingly,  
Far off.  
A skeleton,  
Shaking its bones in a graveyard.  
Bats,  
Screaming and screeching,  
Whizz by frightfully.  
Transparent white ghosts fade off and on.  
The children, trick-or-treating,  
Don't notice at all.*

*Geoff Mann  
Prep Six*

## THE SCRAMBLE

*One day there were two cats hiding in some tall grass. They were both looking at two little birds in the clearing.*

*"Oh boy, this is going to be tasty" said Rufus, one of the cats.*

*"This is going to be a great meal" said Willie, the other cat.*

*Suddenly, the cats leaped out at the little birds, but the birds escaped in the nick of time. This was not known by the cats though.*

*"I've got them" said Rufus*

*"No, I've got them" said Willie.*

*"They're mine, you Jerk!" said Rufus.*

*"Oh, go take a walk, stupid!" Willie said.*

*"Hiss!" hissed Rufus.*

*"Meow" meowed Willie.*

*Both of them for a few minutes scratched at each other and tore each other apart. When the dust cleared there was nothing left but little pieces of fur.*

*Jay Ferguson  
Prep Six*

## THE BIG BALLOON

*Once there was a little girl,  
Her full name goes like this,  
Rebecca Susan Hurl.*

*One day she caught a fish,  
She cut it open and inside,  
There was a limp balloon.*

*She stretched it really, really wide,  
And then she blew and blew,  
Until it was real big.*

*And then it went KERPOP!,  
Then she said to her pig,  
"Hurry, eat your slops."*

*Sharon Chamard  
Prep Five*

## JUMPING IN THE LEAVES

*Off I run to have some fun,  
And jump in a pile of leaves.  
Down I go till I touch my toe!  
The leaves are all up my sleeves,  
My head pops out.  
I give a shout,  
I'm having so much fun,  
And up I get,  
Yet to take another leap.*

*John Cameron  
Prep Five*

## WINTER

*It's cold  
It's dark  
It's absolutely freezing.*

*I shiver,  
I shake  
And outside the wind is breezing.*

*I think  
Of when  
It used to be so hot,  
But now  
For sure  
It certainly is not!*

*Tania Robinson  
Prep Four*

## HALLOWE'EN

*A lady that makes stew that dissolves people,  
A grin that takes up her face of evil.  
A black pointed hat that goes high in the air,  
A magic broom to let her go prowling at night,  
A long wicked looking black robe,  
A black creature with eyes that glow,  
A jack-o-lantern that lights up the street,  
A creature that goes hoot hoot all night long,  
A heap of dead bones hanging there  
A bat that hangs upside down.  
A ghost that flies right through the walls  
These are the ingredients for the recipe.*

*Steven Sherman  
Prep Six*

## THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN

*One day at the North Pole, when everybody was asleep a big snowman came out of his cave! Suddenly, everybody woke up and you could hear police sirens from a mile away!*

*The policeman could not destroy the Snowman with their guns. He was beginning to crack the earth! But a courageous little boy told the Snowman not to harm the earth. So he did not. Everyone threw a big party and the Snowman was the guest of honor!*

*Eric Block  
Prep Four*

## MIRRORS

*Look 1, 2, 3,  
There's three of me.  
Look there and there,  
There's me everywhere.*

*The mirror is your reflection,  
For each and every section of your body  
And for heavens sake, don't be naughty!*

*So when you're sad and lonely  
Your reflection is your friend,  
It does whatever you do and thinks the same as you.  
And this, my friend, concludes my poem,  
This poem I wrote for you.*

*Beth Medchuck  
Prep Five*

## WINTER

*The problem with winter is  
All the trouble of waking up  
And facing all that shivery stuff!  
I hate to go out at 0 degrees  
Then falling down to really freeze!  
Then at recess it's like a fair  
Throwing snowballs in the air  
And when it's time to finally go home  
I have to wait for the buses all alone.*

*Michael Stephens  
Prep Four*

## THE 21ST CENTURY IN CANADA

*The twenty-first century will be very different from now. Cars will still be around, only they will be powered by jets.*

*We will use the sun for power so we won't run out. If we want to go next door we can use jet packs.*

*Money won't be used. You can just take anything you want. You will just have to go to school for one year because there will be such good teachers.*

*In the twenty-first century war will be settled in court instead of in the battle-field, and just to make sure all guns will be taken away and spears will be used to hunt. Life in the twenty-first century will be much easier than now.*

*Paul Burnell  
Prep Four*

*It's Hallowe'en night,  
The bats are in flight,  
Pumpkins aglow,  
Spirits below,  
And the witches put on their Hallowe'en show.*

*Lara Robinson  
Prep Four*

*The baby lay on the floor  
With a fishbowl over his head.  
He screamed and screamed and screamed  
Until he was nearly dead.  
His mother came along  
And removed the bowl with pain.  
The baby never tried  
To eat his fish again.*

*Ben Dolin  
Prep Six*

## WAR

*Pits,  
Rainy wars,  
Deadly weapons being used like toys,  
Men giving their lives,  
Shells flying,  
Clothes hung in wire,  
A deadly noise,  
Slaughtered men,  
A heavily armored combat vehicle,  
The ones that stagger back from  
the battle field,  
And the ones that never come back.  
In the cold wind  
the red faced flowers dip  
their heads,  
In the slaughtered men of the battle field.*

*Renn Holness  
Prep Six*

## *Uppers One to Three*

### A MEMORY

*Memory: a vivid thought,  
A picture in my mind.  
The greatest tale of happiness and sorrow  
The greatest tale of depression and defeat.  
Years go by like turning pages in a book,  
Life in every chapter, in every word.  
I read on.  
Memories of a helpless creature.  
His first steps on wobbly unsure legs.  
He looks at me for comfort,  
I give him none.  
Aren't we all like this?  
Wobbly and unsure,  
Helplessly trying to stand alone.  
These are memories to hold on to.  
The emotional records of life.*

*Sarah Caines  
Upper Two  
Tied for First Prize*

## SILENCE

*Silence is a world of its own  
A world in which I would never enter  
And I try so hard to hide that awful silence within me  
Not for a moment would I miss  
The murmur with a hand clasped in prayer  
Or the cries of joy from a child on Christmas morn  
But there are sounds I do not want to hear  
The last words of a person who faught so very hard for their life  
Or the wails of a child  
Who is being punished when there was no guilt  
But I have found a secret passage  
A place where words make wishes come true  
I just close my eyes till eternity passes  
And I don't have to listen  
But now darkness surrounds me  
And the silence is holding me captive  
I wish I could turn back  
But this wish won't come true  
Because it is the price you have to pay  
For entering the world of silence.*

*Sabeena Ahmed  
Upper Two  
Tied for First Prize*

## *Uppers Four to Six*

### AN ANXIOUS MAN

*An anxious man hastened past me;  
Two heels clicking the pavement fast,  
Two finely cut bits of glass  
Darting madly left and right  
In a flushed and trembling face.  
I only pray that I might  
Have no dread to cause such haste,  
That I'll always keep a straight sight  
And my slow and easy pace.*

*Lorcan Fox  
Upper six  
First Prize*

## RACING SNOBBERY

*If you want to go straight  
leave your cruiser behind  
take a plane*

*If you want to go in a circle  
leave your cruiser behind  
stay put*

*If you want to go in a triangle  
leave your cruiser behind  
take a high performance dingy*

*But look out  
I'm faster*

*Theodore Norvell  
Upper Five  
Second Prize*

## A LETTER BY M. KENNETH NATHANSON

*Minister of Cultural Affairs,  
Government of Sri Lanka,  
Bldg. 345, Colombo, Sri Lanka*

*5750 Atlantic Street,  
Hfx., N.S.  
Naughty Pine Empire*

*October 25, 1797 A.D.*

*Dear Mr. Laumperant Vulgish*

*In regard to your usage of human heads as paperweights: I would like to say that the thigh-bone is more effective. Furthermore, Don Palethought, the lady show-jumper had a clam called Thesode.*

*As to the mass-sterilization of the poor of Calcutta, please find fourteen of our new sterilizer 182-AA knives in today's mail under separate cover.*

*"Lord what hideous mountain upon my back."*

*Awaiting your immediate response, I remain,*

*Speechless*

*Raymond A. P-L. Pole-Vaulter (Mrs.)  
RAPLP-V KN*

## THE STRIKE

*Stubby hands gripped the post  
the dirt in the finger-nails  
tickled the hard-red paint  
they clung to the visible matter  
which was more real than money,  
It was not funny,  
The manager looked like a saint,  
he strolled through the lines  
ignoring the signs,  
With a plastic smile he took out his  
wallet and payed the washer-woman  
with ten dollars,  
He clasped the cops hand (straightened  
their collars)  
and said they were good, he'd need  
them again,  
The men muttered and cursed  
a woman studied her purse.*

*Melanie Jackson  
Upper Four  
Honourable Mention*

*If you are blind  
you cannot see.*

*If you are lame  
you cannot walk*

*If you are deaf  
you cannot hear*

*If you are a socialist  
you cannot think*

*Oh, how sweet thy brown eyes,  
thy brown hair, flesh-coloured flesh,  
thy square teeth, and sleezy  
Simpson's-Sear's clothing.*

*A well written haiku  
should contain  
exactly seventeen syllables.*

*M. Kenneth Nathanson  
Upper Four*

## LET IT ALL HANG OUT

*Here I sit in my hot tub,  
Thinking of nothing but my royalties;  
Like "Oh Wow" and "Gee wiz",  
I make money for awful rhymes like these.*

*Spewing out free verse and rhyming poetry,  
Is the way I express myself,  
And sell poetry and get royalties;  
I write of many things, like joy, hate, war and draft dodgers,  
Like "Oh Wow" and "Gee wiz",  
I make money from awful rhymes like these.*

*Like, you know, I let it all hang out,  
I spill my thoughts and write of them,  
Thoughts of being picked up for drug abuse;  
Like the concept is so establishment.  
The other day I lost my roach,  
I looked everywhere, even under the coach;  
Like "Oh Wow" and "Gee wiz",  
I make money from awful rhymes like these.*

*Soon I will go and cut the grass;  
And walk hand in hand through the milky way,  
Think of "My Sharona".  
Wonder if it really was San Andrea's fault,  
Chew on my granola,  
Pick out my lice,  
Granola with champagne;  
Like wow, and what an experience,  
Like I thought I was in Spain.  
Like "Oh Wow" and I sail on by,  
But look out for the "Boys in the Bright White Sports Car".  
You know, I like it like this,  
Sometimes I write of things irrelevant,  
For that matter, why grey is the elephant?  
Like "Oh wow" and "Gee wiz",  
I get paid for writing awful lines like these.*

*John Embil  
Upper Five*

## ON ART AND SCIENCE

*Line after line  
In lockstep formation  
Each the rational path  
From start to finish.  
Somehow  
Through collective will  
They contort the obvious  
Reality  
And soar away  
Into a curve*

*Like the mind of man  
Each live a separate thought  
The presence of them all  
Transforms the simple  
Mathematical shape  
Of rational thought into  
That exotic form  
That is called  
Art.*

*Charles Mingo  
Upper Five*

*Presents for "the man who has everything" forget that such a man has, among  
his other possessions, good taste.*

*Peter Dawson, Upper Five*

*If one sees a man outstanding in his field, it may only be a farmer whose  
tractor is malfunctioning.*

*Peter Dawson, Upper Five*

*There's a socialist here....  
I can smell it!*

*M. Kenneth Nathanson  
Upper Four*

## EVENTUALLY

*Consider now, the twining flowers  
That grow along the castle wall,  
They bloom in spring, yet die in fall;  
All victims of the natural powers.*

*But in the Spring they bloom again,  
And so have done since Time began.  
Unhelped by artifice of man,  
The fruits of nature still remain.*

*Consider too, the castle tall,  
Along whose walls the flowers grow.  
No elements can lay it low;  
Few enemies can make it fall.*

*But should the castle fall, no thing  
Can grow new stone where lay the old,  
Upon the ground, grown green with mold,  
That thickens with each passing Spring.*

*For years now, only plants have grown,  
Where once the castle used to be,  
And now they sprout forth greenery  
To cover up what once was stone.*

*Peter Dawson  
Upper Five*

*"Well, its now or never," he thought, eyeing the plain between himself and the gate. Reassuring himself with that time-honoured phrase, he burst out of hiding and started running.*

*"C'mon legs we're almost there -- just a little faster. Dammit let's move!" Daniel coaxed himself.*

*Suddenly, he felt pain engulfing his body as, forced to his knees, he crawled on. Sweat clouded his eyes. He strained and pulled himself across the sand, each inch travelled increasing the torture.*

*There remained only a foot between himself and the gate. He felt the frustration and suffering of his imprisonment well up inside him, he desperately clutched the ground and willed himself over the boundary. Tears rolled down his cheeks as he cried out "One more, God! Oh please...."*

*A tall figure approached the prone sobbing figure, Daniel could feel the presence of his master growing closer but could do nothing.*

*"Come now, Mr. Webster," a dark voice intoned. "We made a bargain. Perhaps you are reading too much. You of all people should know that no one cheats me."*

*Michael Zyrd  
Upper Six*

*Socialism is the feeble man's struggle against reality.*

*M. Kenneth Nathanson, Upper Four*

*An island;  
Close to the water  
Far from land.  
And I,  
Swallowed by my own thoughts  
Shed tears,  
Of streams and ponds.*

*I am told  
It will not be long now;  
Still, I have not faced it.  
Somehow,  
A miracle shall lift me from torment.  
It awaits,  
And when I least expect,  
It will devour me,  
Filling its empty stomach.*

*Kate Lazier  
Upper Four*

*Great socialist thinkers, eh?  
Bull!*

*M. Kenneth Nathanson  
Upper Four*

#### THE REARRANGEMENT BIN

*Still I'm going round and round  
Perforated by red hot sound  
In the rearrangement bin  
Reminding me of all past sin  
Tortured by the violet shades  
And memories and dreams betrayed  
Memories of past despair  
Of tears in eyes and hardened stares*

*and then the horrors slowly pass  
I struggle from the bin's cold grasp  
now all the pain is locked within  
Pandora's rearrangement bin*

*Though out there comes what was a man  
Still human yet too weak to stand*

*Anonymous Entry*

*For every thinking man there are a million socialists.*  
*M. Kenneth Nathanson, Upper Four*

*Karl Marx knew he was wrong.*  
*M. Kenneth Nathanson, Upper Four*

*He offered me a way in,  
"A way out", he said.  
He opened his hands to me,  
And offered me a path.  
But I opened my heart to him,  
And he crumbled away.*

*Michael Caines  
Upper Four*

#### HAIKU

*Swallows churning rainbow skies  
The snows pre-eminent  
Fall will fall.*

*Andrew Badley  
Upper Four*

*The more oil there is clinging to a person, the faster he will rise to the top.*  
*Peter Dawson, Upper Five*

*The grease that helps the wheel run smoothly can become the grease that attracts dirt.*  
*Peter Dawson, Upper Five*

*There once was a teacher named Tim,  
Who played volleyball in the gym.  
But rugby—his game  
Was not quite the same  
And they lost—the teachers and him.*

*Andrew Welch  
Grade Twelve*

THE SALT MARSH  
(with apologies to S.T. Coleridge)

*In West Lawrencetown did the Premier  
A sewage treatment plant decree,  
Where Dr. Brownlow's salt marsh ran,  
Through acres measureless to man,  
Down to a polluted sea.*

*So one mile of once fertile ground  
With walls of brick all gathered round:  
And there were fishies without a breath in their gills,  
Where blossomed many an apple-bearing tree;  
And there were heaps of garbage older than the hills,  
Engulfing smoggy spots of "O'Grady's Eatery".*

*But OH! those heaps of garbage slanted  
Down the once green hill athawart an apple tree cover!  
A filthy place, smoggy and polluted,  
As air beneath a Land Rover was hunted  
By a man with jar and cover.  
And from those heaps of garbage, with endless trouble seething,  
As if this earth in plastic pants were breathing,  
A mighty sewage momentarily was forced;  
One half mile meandering with an obscene motion  
Through Shelburne harbour and Mercator the polluted sludge ran,  
Then reached the sewers measureless to man,  
And sank with commotion at a polluted sea;  
And 'mid this commotion the Premier heard from afar  
Dr. Brownlow's voice prophesying war!*

*The shadow of the treatment plant  
Floated halfway on the waves,  
Where was heard the mangled measure  
From the plant and the sewers.*

*It was a miracle which made people say "ick"—  
This sewage treatment plant with walls of brick.*

*A damsel in a Datsun  
In a clearing once I saw;  
It was a Japanese maid,  
And on her transistor she played,  
Singing of Mount Fujiyama.  
Could I revive within me her symphony and song,  
To such delight would win me,  
That with music loud and long  
I would build that treatment plant in smog,  
That treatment plant with walls of brick!  
And all who heard should see it in that bog,  
And all should cry "beware of the dog!"  
His Mercator deal — what a West German steal!  
So buy this man another ship;  
By the way, how will he pay for this treatment plant?*

*John Embil  
Upper Five*

## AM I?

*Who am I?  
Where am I?  
I know not, for  
They control all.  
Are their abilities limitless?  
Will I die a second time after I have gone?  
Or will a false touch immortalize me?  
All follow identical patterns and are happy.  
I am not happy.  
My self is hidden in cold confines  
With bellows and yet  
I am alone.  
I feel stifled.  
None knows what they lack, for  
Freedom is a forbidden word.*

\*\*\*\*\*  
14/10/05/18/10/79\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
CITIZEN CONTROL HQ \*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\* RADICAL THINKER CAUGHT AND SUPPRESSED \*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*IDENTITY NUMBER \*ATBZZ1753\*\*\*\*\*  
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\*\*\*\*\* END MESSAGE \*\*\*\*\*

*Lloyd Oppel  
Upper Five*

## THE PENIGWIN

*A stately bird is the penigwin  
In his tux and his white feather cardigwin.  
He has black, beady eyes,  
Walks erect, never flies:  
He's an ornithological paragwin.*

*As a bird I assure you he's genugwin,  
As sure as your owl or your peregwin,  
But his paradise  
Is in water with ice—  
He's no sooner out than he's in agwin.*

*Andrew P. Welch  
Upper Six*

## ODE TO AN OLDER WOMAN

*personally,  
my view of you has not changed over the years  
I still see through your tears*

*a love once ripe*

*our ages have flown apart and  
scattered as sand*

*in a desert of the past*

*through your eyes I see my face  
deformed and distorted, an empty case*

*with broken locks*

*what i would give to turn back the clocks  
to pass my hands through your tangled locks*

*of graying hair*

*you are old, I young, yet we may laugh  
over the same cup of hot chocolate  
but you have let yours cool  
and I must drink alone.*

*Melanie Jackson  
Upper Four*

## ON THE NOTICE BOARD THIS MORNING:

*--The Women's Auxiliary of the Halifax G.C.K.'s will hold a bingo party this evening at eight o'clock, and should be releasing it sometime before ten o'clock.*

*--Strikers and management at the strike-stricken Iron Striking plant in Streekland struck a compromise this morning. The compromise is recovering from a head injury and charges may be laid.*

*--If you are one of our many readers who did not win last week's contest and still bear a grudge, don't jump to any conclusions without first putting down the grudge.*

*Andrew P. Welch  
Upper Six*

*No-one objects if a person is full of it, but many draw the line when it begins to leak out.*  
*Peter Dawson, Upper Five*

*A bird in the hand is safer than the one overhead.*  
*M. Kenneth Nathanson, Upper Four*

*The government in a democracy is an administrative body, not a business.*  
*M. Kenneth Nathanson, Upper Six*

*Immanuel Kant,  
nor can I!  
(Boo,hiss!)*

*M. Kenneth Nathanson  
Upper Four*

#### THE LAMENT OF AN OLD BACHELOR

*The cold, rough winds are blowing where I go  
And in this heart cries a discordant choir.  
I sway with the crowds and cough with the crow:  
In cities love melts like a drop of fire.*

*Once, when we ran upon an endless beach,  
As proud as the waves, I felt my heart would burst  
With song. I kissed your wet, salty cheek  
And, laughing to the wind, we mocked the gull's curse.*

*Now plaintive cries echo in the heart's core  
As I, with mongrels, wander wind-swept streets  
And perform each day the same dull chores:  
Feeding the cat and ironing the sheets.*

*Once impelled to sing by the lover's urge,  
This heart now quietly mutters its dirge.*

*Lorcan Fox  
Upper Six*

*Je suis un touriste sans guide, sans restriction, sans sens  
Je fais un tour a pied, sans voiture, sans attente  
Je n'achète pas de billets; tout ce qui vaut est gratuit  
Je prends pas de photos; ma tête tient mon enfance*

*Je suis un disciple sans église, sans religion  
Je n'ai pas de Bible; je n'ai pas de direction  
Je n'ai pas de doctrine; je mène une vie sans règle  
Je n'ai pas de dieu, ni héros, ni héroïne.*

*Il y a trois trains: aujourd'hui, hiers, demain  
Je vis pour le moment; moi, je prends le premier  
Demain n'arrivera pas, le passé est abstrait  
Je ne suis pas triste; moi, je suis heureux  
Je donne, je prends, je vis-la vie est une expérience  
On la vit et PUIS on sait la vérité*

*Michael Hawkins  
Upper Six*

## DES MENSONGES DU MONDE

*Tout a été dit*

*Est-ce que tu oses me mentir maintenant?*

*Je suis au bord de la mer; c'est bon, je suis seul, je pense,  
Mais je sens que tout le monde est ici.  
J'ai peur d'essayer de me cacher, de me souvenir--  
Est-ce que c'est une bonne cachette?  
Je ne sais pas.*

*C'est la Vérité.  
Ce sont les mensonges qui obscurcissent la Vérité.  
Est-ce qu'il y a quelque cachette?  
Peut-être seulement la mort....  
La mer? Non--moi, je suis ici.  
Moi, qui suis la Vérité.  
Moi, qui mens.*

*Theodore Norvell  
Upper Five*

## LA CHANSON D'UN ENFANT QUI NE PEUT PLUS PLEURER

*L'océan de sa chaleur me bercerait-  
Ma rage serait calmée,  
Ma haine serait fondue,  
Et toutes les choses noires seraient disparues.*

*Ma mère viderait mon cœur et mon âme;  
Je chanterais au sein,  
Je pousserais un soupir,  
Et son lait coulant pourrait me remplir.*

*Maintenant je crie à une bouteille stérile.  
Et je vois l'image d'une vie inutile.*

*Mary S. Langille  
Upper Five*

## LA SYMPHONIE DU VIN

*J'écoute la musique faible.  
Je sens les couleurs douces;  
Elles sirotent ma mélancolie.  
Je vois les danseuses roses;  
Elles dansent une rêverie.*

*Et je dors, je dors...  
Parmi toutes mes amies.*

*Mary S. Langille  
Upper Five*

## UNE DOULER

*Gardes congelé ton petit cœur;  
caches-le toujours, ma chère, et puis  
tu pourras pleurer et moi  
je boirai tes larmes  
la nuit.*

*C. Caines  
Upper Five*

## UNE PARTANCE

*Fais ce que tu veux  
  
et n'aies pas peur-  
oui, c'est vrai qu'il pleut:  
  
gardes sec ton cœur.*

*C. Caines  
Upper Five*

UNE DANSE

*Je danse avec moi-meme...  
C'est ennuyeux, mais sur.*

*Bonne nuit, dors bien, amour.*

*C. Caines  
Upper Five*

*Mother, Why is it That These Brown and Withered Weeds Still Stand  
Upright in the Snow?*

*At the incidence of life they rejoiced;  
Nature treated these commoners as roses,  
As she breathed sweet things in each disciple's ear  
And told each credulous one She loved him.*

*Easy it was for them to be beguiled:  
Who knew Creators could be so cruel  
As to teach Their children to dance and sing  
While omitting the story of sorrow?*

*Creepingly, sight pervaded purity  
As Her gentle smile turned to one of scorn  
Leaving them with a narrator of tales,  
Epics of cold and disillusionment.*

*Held perpendicularly in silence,  
Broken by the sounds of shrivelling kin,  
They stare at the brown entombment garb  
Which has replaced their vivid gowns of green.*

*Death would be relief for these brittle souls,  
Deprived of all but execution's end  
When cacophony's shriek will lacerate  
Gaunt hearts which serve to feed new innocents.*

*Mary S. Langille  
Upper Five*

*incense: ascending smoke;  
this is her voice  
through cathedrals of air  
as I stand at arm's distance  
there smoulders within her a red pointed ember  
(the heat that my fingertips feel at her throat)*

*veils of grey heiroglyphs part  
I approach her  
the spice of their fragerance enticing my lips my lips  
tremble  
with hers, as my arms wrap the ember as  
whispers of smoke curl into my throat*

*our breath is  
ablaze  
into my lungs rushing  
and reaching my incense embedded  
my love: this offering I bear*

*C. Caines  
Upper Five*

MY CHILD'S PILGRIMAGE  
ON THAT DAY WHEN NATURE BREATHED INCENSE

*Rise  
and walk my love;  
feel the bones of earth with the sensitive skin of youth.*

*Sing  
and dance my love,  
your body echoing the sanctus as you etch your pride on pebbles.*

*Fall;  
and become one of those laughing limbs of green.*

*Hide;  
and tease the searching air.*

*Leap;  
and immortalize the blades of ageing grass.*

*Seek;  
and find your sanctum here.*

*Mary S. Langille  
Upper Five*

## WHEN I DIE

*Formeldehyde: I don't want it  
itching inside me numbing everything;  
nor natron stinging my skin forty days.  
Don't sew my eyes don't stuff cotton in them;  
if they stay open let me stare.  
Don't rearrange my hair don't cut my nails  
Don't scuff my face with powder:  
the earth is not a mirror.*

*Leave my mind to shrink inside my gut digest itself.  
Let me swallow my tongue let the blood slowly cool in my throat.*

*And leave me open: don't twine my fingers on my chest.*

*Don't burn me don't inter me  
and don't provide flowers.  
Leave me as I drop,  
a sort of landmark.*

*Let the rain wash me; the wind and worms explore me.  
Let the earth have me — let it have me back.*

*And let my covers rot.  
If my legs are parted I won't care:  
I won't be modest.*

*Don't do anything  
I won't need you I won't need anybody.*

*No more safety no impatience  
no sullenness no noise.*

*Let me be.*

*C. Caines  
Upper Five*

*The cold sun up, I fetched the milk;  
with scraping stones I ground the grain;  
stirred with the good keeping salt,  
lard and yeast. I gathered wood and laid a fire,  
and in this old earth oven baked  
a wholesome loaf of meal and milk.*

*Think of me, beloved friends,  
when passing round a cup of wine  
and breaking pieces from this loaf;  
savour mouthfulls of sweet earth.*

*C. Caines  
Upper Five*

# Clubs and Organizations







### *Debating Club*

Front Row: Ken Oppel, Kenneth Nathanson, R. Aterman, Heather MacIvor  
 Middle Row: Elizabeth Rees, Michael Hawkins, Jennifer Badley  
 Back Row: Andrew Welch, Michael Zyrd

### *Debating*

The debating team has followed its usual illustrious course, starting with a trip to the Montreal Convent of the Sacred Heart to participate in the Quebec Student Debating Federation tournament. I was extremely happy to find that this year saw the return of Jennifer Badley to debating after about five years. I was equally pleased to have a new member with us Michael Hawkins, who aptly proved by his fine performance that experience is not a necessity for success. Team membership was completed by Heather MacIvor and Andrew Welch. The topic under debate was: "Be it resolved that Canadian policy on Asian refugees is a practical one." Our hard work on researching the topic paid off in the final round, when the team of Jennifer and Andrew became immersed in verbal conflict and, in the end, came out on top and brought Quebec's trophy to Nova Scotia. Congratulations to all team members for an outstanding effort.

Once again this year, students of H.G.S. made what is fast becoming an annual pilgrimage to Province House to sit in the sessions of the Halifax-Dartmouth Regional Youth Parliament. This session showed some promotions as Heather MacIvor was moved from Minister-at-Large to a position of Deputy Cabinet Minister and Andrew Welch was elected Deputy Premier to the next sitting of the House. Also present were Kenneth Nathanson-Member of Parliament and, again, Elizabeth Rees--Aide-de-Camp to the Lieutenant-Governor (Hon. Edmund Morris) and Ken Oppel--House page.

Our goal in the latter half of the year was, between minor tournaments, to recruit fresh "motor-mouths"--and we're still working on keeping up that enthusiasm!

Andrew Welch

## ***Music Department Report***

The Prep school choir of forty students from Preps four to six has enjoyed a busy year. It started with a visit from the Saint Mary's Boys Choir, Maryland -- a professional choir who was in Halifax giving a concert at the Rebecca Cohn auditorium. The Grammar School choir billeted the singers and gave them the best welcome they had had anywhere on their tour.

At Christmas time a group of choristers went carol singing and in the old English tradition, collected money - \$25.00 was presented to the Lab fund. After the carolling we enjoyed steaming cups of hot chocolate at Katie Andrewes' house.

The choir sang at the school's Christmas concert and at the Kiwanis Festival in January where it was commended for good diction and for singing with conviction. A special mention was made for our excellent accompanist, Adam Stern. In May the choir participated in the all city spring concert at the Metro centre and in June sang for the graduation.

The Senior Ensemble consisting of seven students from Uppers three to six had a particularly exciting time during the Kiwanis Festival looking very smartly dressed in their school blazers, seven trembling students walked on to the huge stage of the Rebecca Cohn. They need not have trembled, for they sang beautifully and were very highly praised by the adjudicator, Gerald Wheeler, for their rendition of "Trade Winds" and "The Wraggle, Taggle, Gypsies O!" The choir was entered in a non-competitive class and hence no mark was given, but we were told that had we been in a competitive class, the mark would have been high.

Four Recorder groups from Prep four, five, and six were entered in the Festival. Prep six won a first place and a second place with its two entries. Nineteen students from the Grammar School were also entered as soloists or in duets in fifty-six different classes of the Festival. These students received a total of fifteen firsts, thirteen seconds, and eleven thirds. In the piano solo under nine class, out of sixteen contestants, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd places went to Grammar School students. An excellent record for our school!

V.A. Kemp  
Music Director



### *Senior Ensemble*

Front Row: Valda Kemp, Jennifer Badley, Dora Kemp, Elizabeth Rees  
 Back Row: Ian Megill, Andrew Welch, Peter Dawson



### *Junior Choir*

Front Row: Evan Jones, Richard Osmond, Troy Dolomont, Jeff Halliday, Lara Robinson, Munju Ravindra, Kersti Tacreiter, Michelle Horacek, Jessica Welles  
 Middle Row: Sharon Chamard, Sherene Hosein, Beth Medjuck, Stephanie Green, Cindy Pink, Liam Murphy, Jonathen Dolin, Roger Porter, Scott Logan  
 Back Row: Valda Kemp, Stephanie White, Katie Steward, Minga O'Brian, Raonull Conover, Walter Kemp, Steve Sherman, Jonh Chadwick-Jones, Asad Wali, David Robertson, Jamie Ross



### *Assistant Secretaries*

Front Row: Carol Kemp, Peter Dawson, Heather Wilson, Laura Allen, Elizabeth Rees, Heather MacIvor  
 Middle Row: Vicky Allen, Linda Peers, Victoria Palmer, Debbie Beresford-Green, Ashley Wallace  
 Back Row: Kate Lazier, Judith Abbott, Jennifer Badley, Laura Cameron

### *The Assistant Secretaries*

The assistant secretaries are a group of students who man (or woman) the secretarial office at lunch times while Mrs. Tetreault enjoys her repast in the privacy of the teachers' room. Lately the secretary's office has become a centre of attention, since it provides an inside view to the construction of the new labs, which helps to break the monotony of the nasal-tone phrase, "This is the Halifax Grammer School, may I help you?" We have also become accustomed to dealing with angry callers who have been cut off, or with surprised expressions when we exclaim that the headmaster is "out to lunch".

The assistant secretaries very much enjoy meddling in the administration of the school; and we do try to do more good than harm.

Kate Lazier

## *Student Librarians*

The student librarians this year were Charles Mingo, Torquil Duncan, and myself. We three brave souls have been entrusted with the guardianship of the sacred peace of the library at lunch times.

While the student librarian commands the profoundest respect and obedience among the students, it is often difficult to quell the noise of certain illegal assemblies of subversives who drift into the library. However, should the eyes of the librarian just coming on duty be dismayed with a spectacle of utter chaos, it is always possible to restore the hush with the help of a fellow librarian, or the ultimate authority , Mrs. Scobbie.

Lloyd Oppel

## *Librarians*

Front Row: Tim Klassen, Lloyd Oppel

Back Row: Torquil Duncan, Charles Mingo, N. Scobbie





### *Chess Club*

The chess club saw a large increase in membership this year, and is presently twenty-four masters strong. In September, our new members' covetous eyes noticed the delectable chess sets scarfed away in the Art Room. To stop the drooling, Miss Silver very kindly consented to put them under our control, thus threatening her haven of culture with regular invasions of barbarians in search of a field of battle, black and white check patterns gleaming in their eyes. The club's major project this year, aside from regular clashes in the Art Room, is an extensive "ladder" tournament.

The chess club is mainly self-running, but nonetheless has accepted Mr. Keirstead as our token staff advisor. In all seriousness, we owe him many thanks for his support.

Lloyd Oppel

### *Chess Club*

Andrew Allen  
Kirsten Beckett  
Jonathon Blanchard  
Paul Carver  
Erik Davis  
Peter Grover  
John Guy  
Bruce Kirby  
Tim Klassen

John Lannon  
Chris Lee  
Scott Logan  
Andrew McKee  
David McKinnell  
Ian Megill  
Jonathon Meretsky

Theo Norvell  
Andrew Oland  
Ken Oppel  
Lloyd Oppel  
Shawne Sable  
Robbie Sinclair  
Adam Stern  
Asad Wali  
Andrew Welch

## ***Badminton Club***

This year's Badminton Club has taken a different format. We still play for two hours after school every Friday, but bursts of increased interest throughout the year have encouraged us to hold numerous tournaments and skills have seen a definite improvement overall. One tournament which has had great publicity because of its name (the first annual "Wackacock Championships") was highlighted by furious assaults, dives and smashes from incredible angles, death-defying drop-shots and screams of shock and agony from the not-so-fortunate players. The winner proved to be one of our regulars: Michael McKinnel with Michael Zyrd coming second.

The Badminton Club's tremendous success this year would not have been possible without the continuous help of Michael Zyrd and many others.

Iain MacLeod  
Club Manager



## ***Badminton***

Front Row: Kirsten Beckett, Nicole Lazar, Jane Fairhurst, Jan Crick, Steve Murphy, Addesh Mago

Middle Row: Chris Robinson, Ewen Wallace, Peter Nicholson, David Crick, Colleen Kirby, Paul Kundzins

Back Row: Paul Seto, Saeed Kahnamelli, Robbie Sinclair, Greg Hammond, David Oancia, Mike Zyrd

Absent: Iain MacLeod

## *The Mathematics Club*

The Mathematics Club consisted of 10 members. If the maximum number of members who attended a given meeting was three what was the minimum number of meetings required before the instructor saw all the members at least once? If each member was equally likely to attend a given meeting

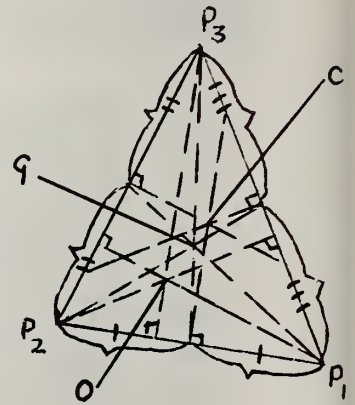
- a) What was the maximum expected attendance?
- b) How many meetings would you expect to have to hold until each member appeared at least once?

Understandably, the club has not met formally for some time, but several students meet periodically to discuss problems, and to prepare for contests.

Some members of the club have been attacking the following two problems and wish to share them with all readers of the *Grammarians*.

- 1) Given any triangle  $P_1P_2P_3$ , call the point where the three altitudes meet  $O$ . Call the point where the three medians meet  $G$ . Call the point where the perpendicular bisectors of the sides meet  $C$ . Prove that  $O, G, C$ , lie on a straight line.

This line is called the Euler line of the triangle after Leonard Euler, the Swiss mathematician, who first discovered it. What else can you discover about  $O, G$ , and  $C$ .



- 2) A perfect number is a number which is equal to the sum of all its divisions (except itself) e.g. 496 is perfect. All its divisors are 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 31, 62, 124, 248, and  $1+2+4+8+16+31+62+124+248=496$ .
  - a) Find two perfect numbers between 1 and 50.
  - b) Verify that 8128 is perfect.
  - c) If you write these perfect numbers out in binary notation you will discover a pattern for the "1"s and "0"s which you can extend to get the next higher perfect numbers (first in binary and then in decimal notation).

## *Students' Council Report*

This year's Students' Council has had to work with the considerable handicap of a lack of funds. Chocolate bar sales in October, in which Grades Four to Twelve were asked to participate, brought in only two fifths of the expected return of five hundred dollars. This was due probably to a combination of apathy and the high number of other sales and raffles concurrent with ours. The entertainment usually provided by the Council has also been hampered by the construction of the new laboratories which curtailed our holding any dances after late November, due to the danger to the construction equipment which would have accompanied any influx of outside students looking for a good time.

Nevertheless, the Council's year has not been without success. The revived drop-ins and the gym programs have gone some way to make up for the lack of dances, and the Winter Carnival was among the most successful ever, especially in the lower school. Organized most efficiently in my absence by our staff advisor Cathy Degrasse and Vice-President Chris Caines, the Carnival's high points were: a hilarious staff vs. Upper Six volleyball game; the Upper Five vs. Upper Six "Toothpaste Challenge", which involved several students on the stage in the A.V.R. writing their names in toothpaste on long sheets of paper; and the Prep Costume and "Draw the Headmaster" contests. Perhaps the most important element for future councils is the expansion of the Carnival to fill an entire week, rather than just one day.

This Council's greatest achievement, and the one of which I am personally proudest, is the complete overhaul and redraft of the Constitution, which has been recommended for a long time. Next year's Council will be able to work with greater confidence from the sound base of the new Constitution.

Michael Hawkins  
President



### *Students' Council*

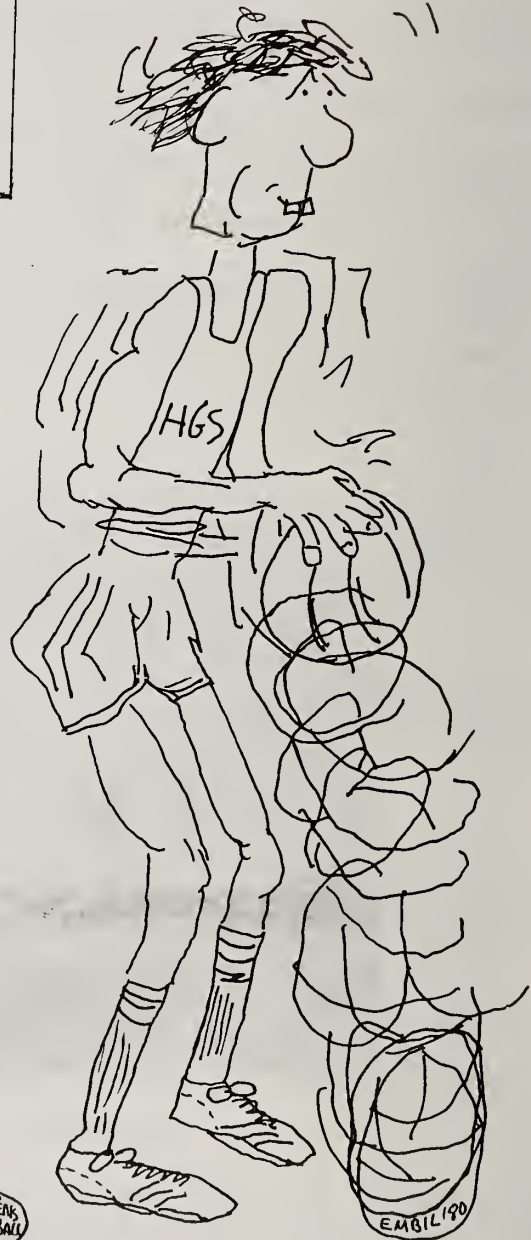
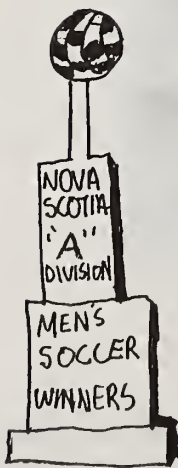
Front Row: Ben O'Halloran, Lloyd Oppel, Adam Stern

Middle Row: Ken Nathanson, Chris Caines, Michael Hawkins, Jennifer Badley,  
Ashley Wallace

Back Row: K. DeGrasse, Michael Zyrd, Nancy Hawkins

# SPORTS

H.G.S. 100  
VISITORS 863



## *Sports Report*

*The Halifax Grammar School* began the 1979/80 year on a winning note in soccer by going through the Metro "B" league undefeated and again winning the Metro "B" championship. H.G.S. then hosted the Provincial "A" Boys soccer playoffs and for the second consecutive year won the title.

For the remaining sports in the school such as volleyball and basketball it has been a rebuilding year. The Girls' Volleyball Team has only two returnees from last year's team and around them we built a fairly competitive team which finished third in the Metro "B" League and again won the Regionals. In the Provincials our girls gained a good deal of experience in meeting some tough competition. Though we didn't win any matches we did learn a lot. Though the Boys' Volleyball Team weren't in a regular league, we did manage to represent the Capitol Region in the Provincials. Our boys did well for the amount of games we played this year, winning one of four matches. Both teams look promising for the future.

The big question at present is basketball; we hope to have a coach and a competitive team next year. This year we are practicing and working on the formation of both Junior and Senior Boys' teams and a Senior Girls' team. The players are making good progress and we hope to get a few exhibition games in before the end of the regular season.

Our Fencing team is thriving under the guidance of Mrs. Scobbie; her time and work is much appreciated by all of us at H.G.S. Many thanks go out to Dr. Faught, Mr. Montgomery and Rupert Jannasch for their help in volleyball and basketball.

The badminton programme has flourished with Ian MacLeod as its leader. He has had several tournaments to date and the competition has been fierce at times. All of us thank Ian for his efforts.

The intramural programme has worked fairly well this year. There have been snags at times but the house captains have been able to work their problems out adequately.

The co-operation of staff, house captains and students has been impressive. Thank you all for your support.

Ronald L. Naud

## *House Captains' Reports*



### *Royals*

Fresh from winning the coveted trophy representing supremacy in intramural competition, Royals stormed into battle this year determined to try and repeat this achievement. Despite this attitude Royals have continued to feel that full student participation is the key to success. Even if we fail to win top spot we can at least say that we have enjoyed ourselves. It has been a regular occurrence that Royals arrive in the gym only to find that the opposition is desperately looking for enough people to play. Not so with us!

Well done Royals!

—Rupert Jannasch  
House Captain

## *Acadia House Captain's Report*

After last year's close loss to the Royals, Acadia has come back with tremendous enthusiasm and determination. Although we did not do as well as I expected in the fall cross-country run, all Acadia teams did well during the first term in the intramurals. The second term saw a certain loss of support from the senior division, but with the unflagging enthusiasm of the juniors and intermediates we pulled through, maintaining second place in the standings.

In no way can this year be considered unsuccessful, no matter what place Acadia finally attains. This is due above all to the zeal of our players, and all of those who have helped me with organizing, coaching and refereeing.

Heather Wilson  
House Captain

## *Glooscap House Captain's Report*

This year has been an up and down year for Glooscap. Lack of support from our older athletes accounts for poor results in the senior division. We did have a few wins in the intermediate games thanks to the great support work from Preps Five and Six. Most of our victories have come from the juniors and I'm sure that this good foundation in the Prep school will make Glooscap a winner in a few years.

I'd like to extend special thanks to Randal Sinclair, my assistant house captain, and to my captain's aides, Neil McCulloch, Edmond Rees and Colleen Kirby.

Michael Zyrd  
House Captain



*Jose Aquino*

Jose Aquino—



*Johnathan Blanchard*

Johnathan Blanchard



*Tim Brandys*

Tim Brandys



*Torquil Duncan*

Torquil Duncan

## Senior Soccer

From our first game when Lorcan scored his first and only goal as a fullback from the half-line, the Boys' Senior Soccer team knew that the Metro "B" championship would be ours once again: for the second season in succession the team ended the season undefeated. It would have been perfect if not for one flukey ball escaping our extraordinary goaltender, Ian MacLeod.

Because of the team's first place standing it gained a bye into the Metro "B" finals. After winning the first game of the best two out of three series the second game was defaulted as our opponent, Sir John A., pulled out.

With the Metro "B" championship won, the next step was the Provincial "A" championship. With our winning reputation we were not challenged by any South Shore team for the right to represent the capitol region in the Provincials. The team's first low point of the season came when we found out that we were the hosts of the Provincial Championships (which meant no soccer trip for our deserving players).

David McKinnell

Chris Robinson

Robert Sinclair

Paul Seto





Lorcan Fox



Michael Hawkins



Rupert Jannasch



Saeed Kahnamelli

To prepare ourselves for the Provincials we engaged in an exhibition game with a team from the Metro "A" league, hoping for some stiff competition. Our hopes were shattered: to be honest, we were all over them.

After the first day of the Provincials we found ourselves in the finals. The next day, with great fan support from both students and teachers, the Halifax Grammar School won its second Provincial title: The Nova Scotia Provincial "A" Soccer Championship.

The celebration of this win was a quiet one. Those players who are graduating leave in the realization that the soccer team is in good hands and next year the team will maintain its dominance in the sport of soccer in Nova Scotia.

—Jose Aquino

*Jose Aquino*

~~Xavier Seto~~

~~Ewen Wallace~~  
*Jonathan Blanchard*

~~Andrew Welsh~~  
*Tim Brandys*

~~Michael Zryd~~  
*Torguile Duncan*



*eds - @Bumman*

## *Under Thirteen Soccer*

This year's soccer trip was the big one. Indeed it had to be a very dramatic occasion for young soccer players of this age! 1979 was the year to visit Vancouver.

Team selection proved a major headache as so many worked very hard to put together a really competitive team. It was also difficult for one, Ben Dolin, who went into hospital the day before we were to leave and had to drop out. Paul MacNeil proved a very worthy last-minute substitute. Mr. Williams, our former headmaster, made special arrangements to host our boys at St. Michael's University School and after an energy-sapping flight of ten and a half hours we were greeted by Mr. Charles Birch, headmaster of the Junior School who provided sleeping bags for an abbreviated night in the school library. Next morning's breakfast arrived very soon and we met Mr. Williams, who proved to be a most welcoming host and his usual ebullient, warm self.

Our first game on that first day was quite an ordeal against St. Michael's University School 13 first team, which eventually went on to win the Round Robin Tournament in Vancouver. Playing a 5-5-2-3 system we gave an excellent account of ourselves, losing two goals to one. The next afternoon we played a disastrous second game against SMU U13 second team and lost 5-0. It was a very tired performance and showed us how badly we could play.

In Vancouver St. George's did a superlative job in hosting this tournament, billeting some 150 students. Everything was exceedingly well organized by Mr. Clive Kustin and everyone enjoyed a well run tournament. At the end of the first afternoon H.G.S. found themselves with two victories under their belts. Our first game was against St. John's, Elona. In a very hard fought contest two goals by Anthony Novac (one from a beautifully engineered play by John Lannon who crossed the ball from the right where it was hit home first time by Anthony) decided the game against Glenlyon. Anthony Novac and John Lannon scored two well taken break-away goals that gave us the edge in this match.

On the following day, before the CBC-TV cameras, we made four defensive errors in two very short episodes that led to four unanswered goals against our hosts St. George's. This had to be a disappointment since we were playing very well with a 4-3-3 system and made a great number of offensive thrusts on the right wing with John Lannon that were only turned aside with difficulty by the St. George's defence. Our mid-field play was very good with Neil McCulloch, Walter Kemp, Erik Davis, David Halliday, Geoff Mann and Richard Lankester continually moving the ball forward constructively and making the exchanges exciting.

In our next game we achieved a 1-1 tie against St. John's Ravenscourt, however our territorial advantage did not translate into goals. Indeed it was an indirect free kick by Neil McCulloch which had to be retaken that gained us the tie in the closing minutes. Neil scored on both occasions. Against Hittfield we fell behind through an unfortunate goal and, in spite of consistent pressure, could not equalize. The ball was about to enter the Hittfield net when a defender caught the ball. However, we failed to score from the penalty spot and the game was lost 1-0. Derek Honig had played superbly in nets throughout the tournament and our defenders played very strongly.

In the play-off game on Sunday we lost a good game with St. George's, Toronto, 2-0 and ended up in sixth place overall out of the twelve contesting schools, our best placement in the tournament so far.

—J. K. Lancaster  
Coach



## *Junior Soccer*

- Front Row: Walter Kemp, David Halliday, Geoff Mann, Neil McCulloch, Renn Holness, Ben Dolin, Matthew Murphy, John Lannon
- Middle Row: J. Lankester, Erik Davis, Paul MacNeil, Anthony Novac, Pat Keefe, Andrew Oland, George Kyreakakas, Richard Lankester
- Back Row: Sean Boswick, Pat Oland, Michael Burden, Chris Thibeau, Derek Honig, Raonull Conover, Peter You

## *Swimming*

Congratulations must go to the school swim teams who did extremely well under the guidance of Sue Burden at the elementary and junior high swim meet which was held during the first term. The elementary team came second overall out of 26 schools while the junior team came sixth out of fifteen. In winning their event the 200m. relay 10 and under team came remarkably close to the provincial record.

P. H. Montgomery



### *Swimmers.*

Front Row: Paul Burnell, Minga O'Brien, Joanna Forsyth, Howard Regan, David Halliday, Pat Oland, Michelle Horacek  
Middle Row: Mike Burden, Loraine Belitsky, Katie Andrews, Rebecca Lazier, Eric Davis, John Chadwick-Jones  
Back Row: Andrew Oland, Paul MacNeil, Heather Arthur, Judith Abbott, Derek Honig, Pat Keefe, Peter You



Paul Seto, Peter Grover, Michael Zyrd, Bernard O'Boyle,  
Torquil Duncan, Bill Morash, Greg Hammond

## *Boys' Volleyball*

This year's boys' volleyball season started off with a tremendous response to the tryouts. Our coach, Mr. Naud, had a most difficult decision in choosing the team; however, a squad of twelve (with an alternate) was chosen, and went on to tournament play. Unfortunately, no "B" league was set up in the metro area this year and therefore there was essentially no competition on which to hone our volleyball skills before we played in the Provincials. The Provincials were held at Dalplex this year and, by virtue of our being the only "B" team in the metro region, we became the metro representative. We competed in round robin play with three other schools and found our lack of actual playing experience (and of height!) to be our major problems. Special thanks should be given to Mr. Montgomery, who coached the team in Mr. Naud's absence, and our captain, Saeed Kahnamelli, and assistant captain, Xavier Seto.

With the experience gained from this season, however, and the new enthusiasm shown by the school towards volleyball, next year's team promises to make a big step on the way to a future provincial championship.

Michael Zyrd

## *Senior Girls' Volleyball*

Considering the loss of our four best players, who felt it necessary to graduate last year, the girls' volleyball team has done well in keeping up our reputation for being tough to beat. We won overwhelming victories at our first tournament at Halifax West, smearing Halifax West, Sackville High and the Convent of the Sacred Heart all over the court.

Throughout the season we played teams from all over the province, and had a good win/loss record. In the Metro "B" tournament we beat Dartmouth High, the eventual winners, by a score of 15-5 in preliminary play (the only team to do so); and our team placed a credible third.

In the regional finals H.G.S. met Hantsport and beat them four games to one. We then went on to the Provincials where, though we provided some stiff competition, we didn't fare as well as we had hoped.

This has been the third year in a row that H.G.S. has advanced to the provincial championships. Congrats to our hard-working new players and special thanks to our coach, Mr. Naud, for his patience. Just wait 'til next year!

—Victoria Palmer & Heather Wilson  
Co-captains



## *Senior Girls' Volleyball*

Front Row:	Heather MacIvor, Vicky Allen, Kate Lazier
Middle Row:	Athena Kartsaklis, Chris Mitchell, Coleen Kirby, Judith Abbott, Laura Cameron, Heather Wilson, Victoria Palmer
Back Row:	R. Naud, Saeed Kahnamelli



## ***Fencing***

**Front Row:** David Christensen, John Chadwick-Jones, Howard Regan, Walter Kemp, Peter You, Chris Saunderson, Nick Imrie

**Middle Row:** Nancy Scobbie, Jason Holt, Jeff Halliday, Lara Robinson, Anil Bhardwaj, Andy Andy Chamard, Jon Cook, Ralph Marfels, Jessica Welles, Theo Norvell

**Back Row:** Michelle Horacek, Kersti Tacreiter, James Ross, John You, Robbie Sinclair, Tim Klassen, Malcom Fraser

## ***Fencing Club***

This year has been a successful one for the Halifax Grammar School fencers. Thanks to Nancy Scobbie, during the past five years a feeling of deep loyalty has been installed in our fencers. Because of this, fencers who have left the school still come to practices bi-weekly and they help to make our club one of the best in the Maritimes. For instance, at the Newfoundland Open, Luke Murphy and I placed second and third respectively in a field of almost thirty. At the Lieutenant Governor's Challenge, the most prestigious tournament in the fencing year, the club's only two entrants, Ranald Sinclair and myself, placed seventeenth and eighth respectively, Ranald only missing a spot in the semi-finals by one point.

Our new members have been working hard and did well in their own tournament, the Novices. Bernard O'Boyle skewered his way with aggressive finesse to first place in the over-sixteen category; and our junior fencers John Chadwick-Jones, Walter Kemp and Howard Regan lunged to second, third and fourth places respectively in the under-sixteens.

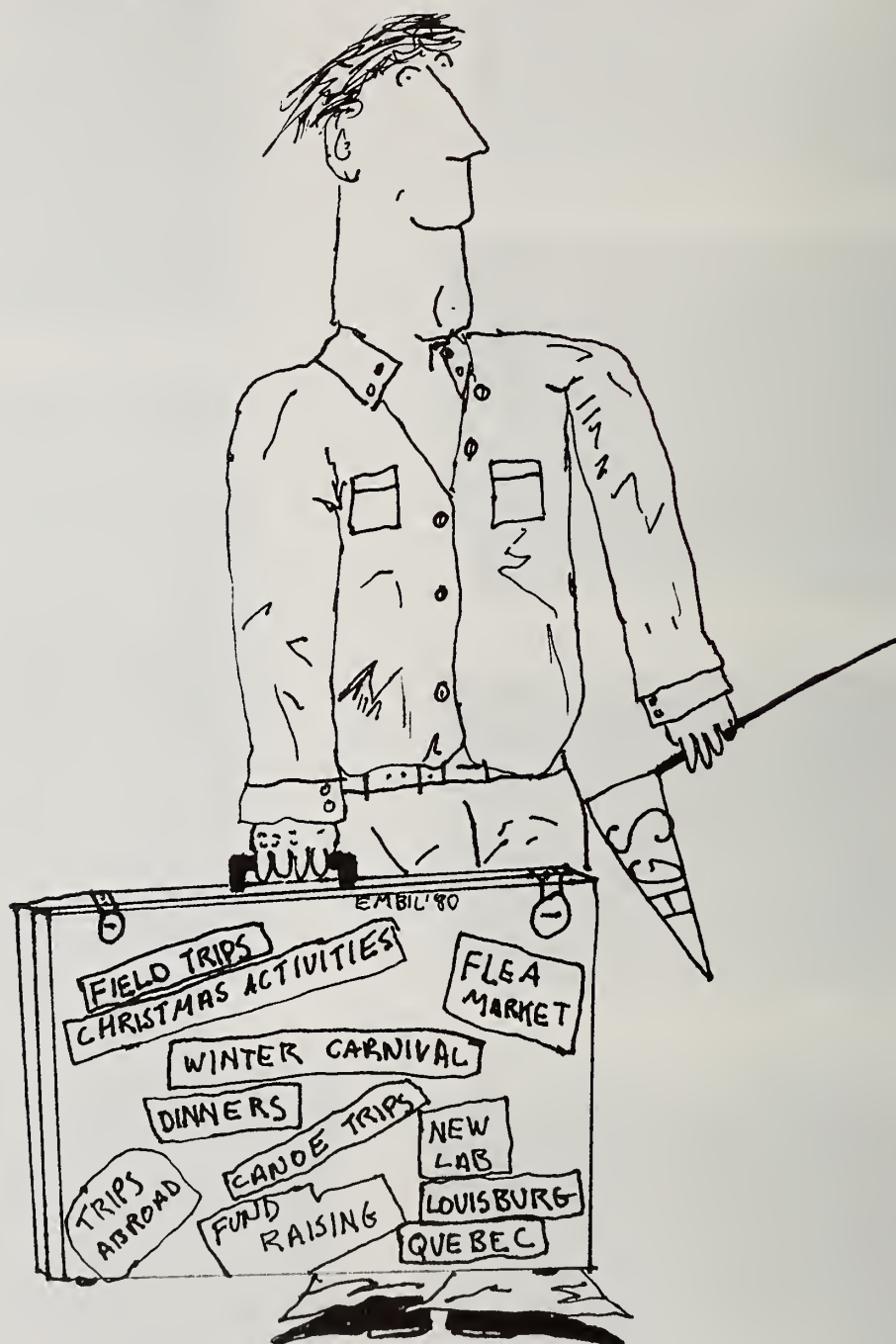
This year's fencing club is doing better than ever before in tournaments. Our elite group of fencers from the Prep and Upper Schools, with some ex-Grammar School fencers, and Nancy Scobbie wielding the torch, have carved up another successful year.

Robbie Sinclair





# Special Events



## *H.G.S. Floods: An Inside Report*

It is Sunday, December 19, 1979, a cold, dreary, muddy day in the south end of Halifax; six days before Christmas, three days before the holidays begin for the students at the *Halifax Grammar School*. No one expects this day to be anything out of the ordinary. Yet, early in the afternoon, disaster strikes.

The school has flooded. Fetid water is gushing from the toilet in the girls' washroom, and rising treacherously out of the drain in the boys' showers, near the gym. "The system must have backed up," Mr. Montgomery is heard to utter grimly. "We have to save the gym. Surely Michael will know what to do". He refers, of course, to Michael Hawkins, the President of the Students' Council. Michael does indeed know what to do, and immediately upon being notified, he leaps into his Mercedes to round up the ablest *H.G.S.* males in the neighbourhood: Christopher Caines, Ranald and Robbie Sinclair, known as "The Floodbasher Brothers", Michael Zyrd, and Jon "The Mop" Langille.

The water is wet, the smell unpleasant, and there is the distraction of dozens of pretty gymnasts in competition in the gym, but the six are undaunted, and as they attack the mess with mops, buckets, and drain-opening yells, our beleaguered headmaster harrasses some vaguely wandering plumbers into action.

Rumours of sabotage by agents from rival private schools, Dartmouth Academy and the Convent of the Sacred Heart, are put to rest when the school's plans are sought and the source of the catastrophe pinpointed: the slope of the main sewage line from the school to the street is much too gentle, and there is a clog in it. The runoff from recent rainstorms, aggravated by the disturbances of the earth involved in the new construction, has overtaxed the entire drainage system. "It's coming up wherever it can", declares Mr. Montgomery, balefully eyeing his sodden Hush Puppies.

And come up it does. Mr. Hawkins' intrepid team seems to have stemmed the tide at one end of the school, but now water is cascading out of a pipe in the furnace room. A pump is brought to remedy this, and the plumbers begin attempts to bore through the clog. It appears that the situation is under control, though school must be cancelled. The call goes out: "Classes are cancelled until further notice". This causes untold disappointment among all staff and students.



The soaking refugees are brought up in armloads and those not on the edge of death are spread to dry on tables and chairs, on strings strung throughout the lower school. There are many casualties, however, and the educational wisdom of decades — French, Latin, history, biology — must be discarded by the bagfull.

Did any good come of all this? Well, the bookroom had been in need of a cleaning for a long time and many of the students who had saved the books later re-installed them in such a neat, logical fashion that Mr. Montgomery was heard to say that the room was in better order than it had ever been before. Numerous dated texts, some actually moldy, were effectively, if brutally, edited from the curriculum. Also, many of us, Mr. Montgomery and a few plumbers in particular, came to know the school's plumbing rather intimately and they are the better for it. Finally, no event can be without value when it demonstrates once again the courage, fortitude, and the resilience of *H.G.S.* and her students.

Christopher Caines

Bucket-swinger

## *Art Room Happenings*

Once more the members of the Hot Mush-a-Mush school went forth from the studio brandishing their brushes to confront the great outdoors in all her October glory. Vicky Palmer, Heather Wilson, Peter Dawson, Jon Langille and I, transported by Karla Silver in Chuck the truck, with Sergeant-at-Pencil and teacher's friend Barb Blakey to keep us in line, spent two blissful days on the shores of Lake Mush-a-Mush. There we experimented with ink, ink wash, accidental ink wash, pastels, paints and woodburning stove. Some non-artistic highlights of the trip were the invention of the lip-push-up and a unique form of pancake christened the "hot mush".

Other trips, visits and excursions embarked upon by our intrepid art students included: the Art I class' invasion of Dr. T. Brownlow's literary haven and game preserve in West Lawrencetown in November and their excursions to the Nova Scotia Museum and the Art Gallery of Nova Scotia to view Micmac and local folk art.

Some noteworthy projects have also been completed this year by the senior art students. The tiny Art III class beautifully reconstructed, recovered, and redeemed two armchairs salvaged from the Flea Market. The Art II's entangled themselves in the craft of tapestry and tried realist drawings with some impressive results. Dominating the Art Room for a long time have been the witty Neo-Gubist sculptures by Art I made with, of all things, polyether foam.

The Prep school has not, of course been inactive. Every Tuesday and Thursday the Art Room is theirs for spontaneous creation, spontaneous invention, but not, we hope, for spontaneous combustion.

Christopher Caines

Art II



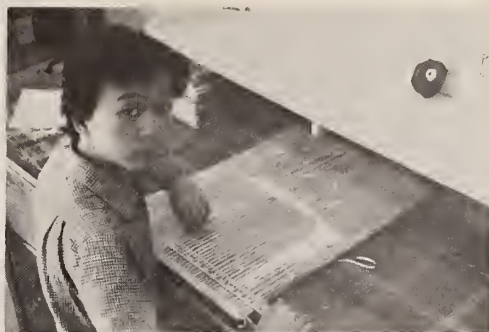
*"RAT" - John Embil*



*"Portrait of Artist's Grandmother"  
(in progress) - Chris Caines*



*"Black and White design" - Upper Three*



*Tou Kong Lou*



*"Inside Joke"*



*"Catherine" - Tou Kong Lou*

## Rita Aterman on *Hollywood North*

On January 23 and 24 H.G.S. presented "*An Evening of Music and Drama*" to parents and friends of the school. The programme contained two strongly contrasting pieces of theatre. From the Elizabethan period Upper III presented an excerpt from Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus* - with all the Renaissance elements of pageantry, colour and highly-wrought poetic language. The struggle for the soul of Faustus (a clear, well controlled performance by Chris Lee) was waged by Mephistopheles (Bruce Kirby) and Lucifer (Addesh Mago) onstage and between the Good and Bad Angels (Anne Hayward and Judith Abbott) offstage. To induce Faustus to throw off the restraints of morality and religion Mephistopheles summons up the Seven Deadly Sins, representing the range of uninhibited experience. A dimension of individual character was given to these personified vices - from the splendid figure of Pride (David Crick) to the convincingly coquettish Lechery (Nancy Hawkins) and Wrath - played with real force by Mike McKinnell; Envy, suitably green (Carol Kemp), Covetousness (Stacie Geraughty), and the unlovely duo of Sloth and Gluttony (Chris Robinson and Ewen Wallace), were all conducted from the temptation of Faustus by the Piper (Dora Kemp.)

In addition to successful characterization Upper Three handled the intricacies of Marlowe's image-laden verse well: diction was clear and the lines were intelligently spoken. The set - Faustus' study, with more than a hint of the flames of Hades - splendid costumes (courtesy of Neptune Theatre) and period music added to the success of this ambitious production.

A complete contrast to the high theme and style of Marlowe was offered in J.M. Synge's *The Shadow of the Glen*, a domestic drama of an unsophisticated peasantry in a remote Irish village at the turn of the century.

The "death" of the old farmer, Dan Burke, has led his wife to speculate on her future - to Michael, a young bachelor neighbour and to the Stranger of the Valley - not only prematurely but also inappropriately in the eyes of her husband, who turns out to be very much alive! The unfortunate Nora is banished to a life of hardship and wandering - but in the company of the sympathetic and sensitive stranger who brings a wider dimension to Nora's life and gives the play its essential substance.

This was a strong cast with excellent performances from all players. Peter Dawson as Dan Burke came on with a burst of vigour and cantankerousness quite startling after the total immobility and silence he maintained in the opening scene; he was more than just a "lovely corpse"! As the callow Michael, Lloyd Oppel played his part with the right mixture of tentative lechery and sly greed. Chris Caines carried the demanding role of the tramp very successfully with a nice balance of earthiness and poetry. Mary Langille gave a very effective and sensitive performance as the beleaguered Nora, quiet and intense.

The pitfalls of "Stage Irish" accents were avoided as the players concentrated on the rhythm and cadence of Synge's poetically heightened everyday speech. Simple but effective costumes, sets and lighting produced the appropriate atmosphere.

Efficient backstage lighting and sound crews assured smooth performances of both plays. Congratulations to Dr. T. Brownlow and the whole company.

The change of mood between the two pieces was pleasantly bridged by a *Musical Interlude* of piano pieces of the Romantic period well played by Torquil Duncan, Adam Stern, and Chris Lee - with a spirited performance of a Polish dance by Victoria Palmer. The Senior School Ensemble under the direction of Mrs. V. Kemp, sang *Trade Winds* and *The Raggle Taggle Gypsies O!* - pieces which were, incidentally, repeated with great success at the Kiwanis Music Festival.

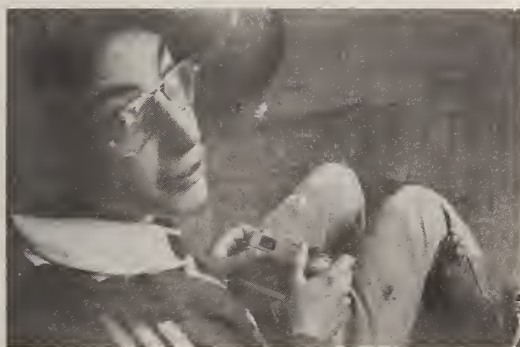
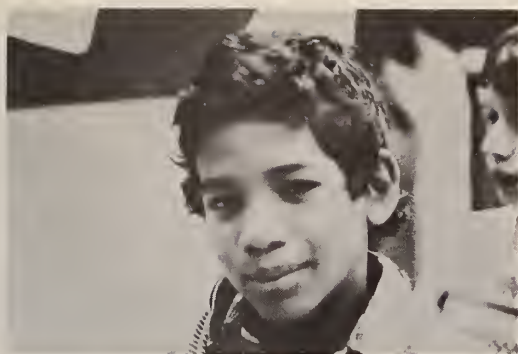
Rita Aterman

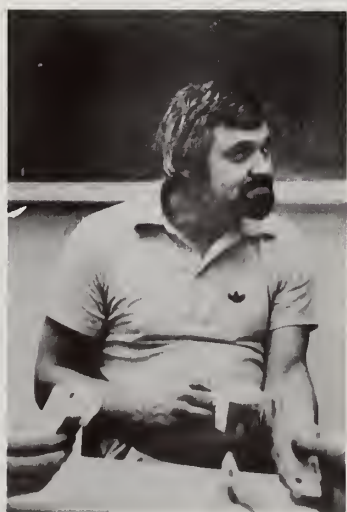
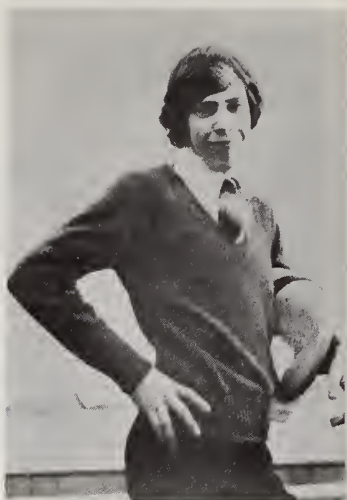
Grammarian Theatre Critic

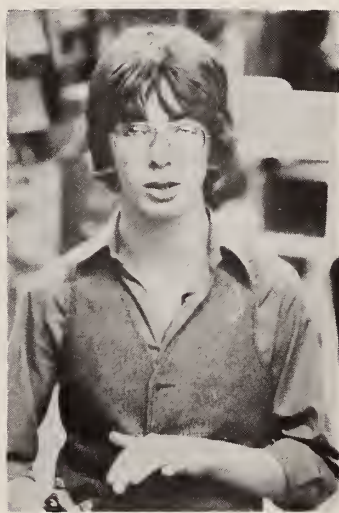
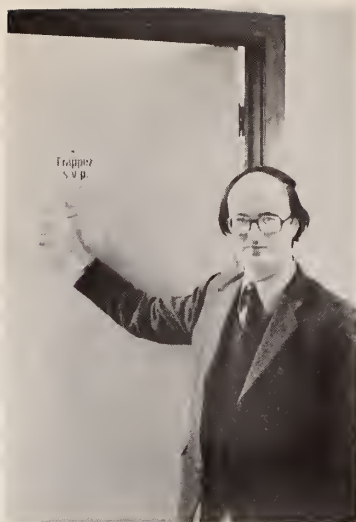
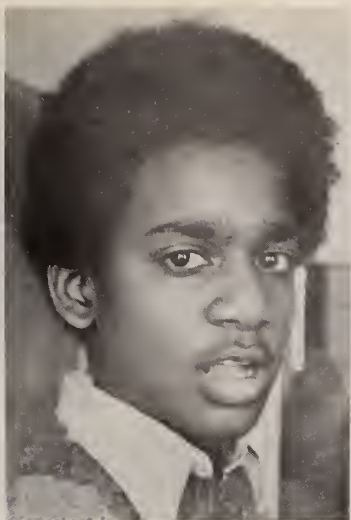


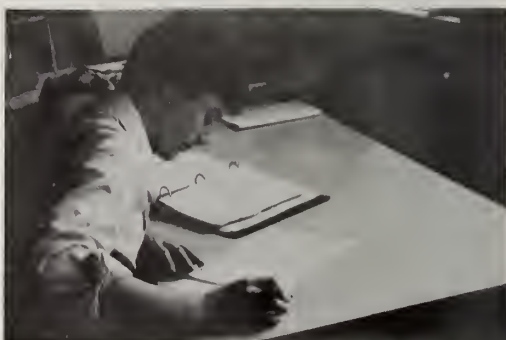
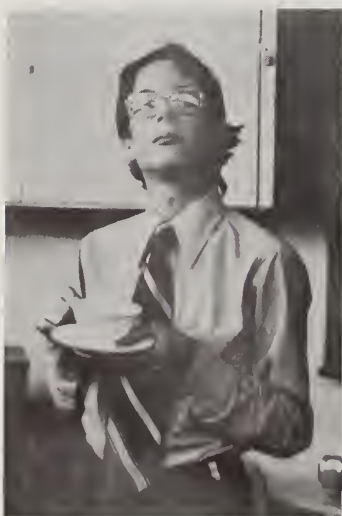
# Photography



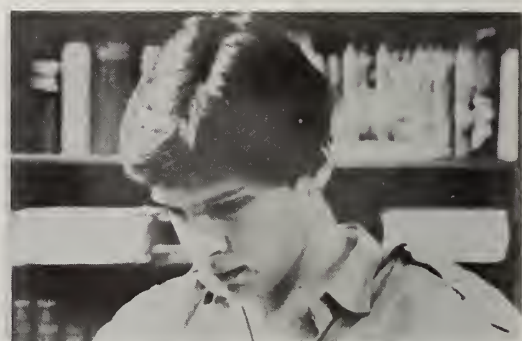


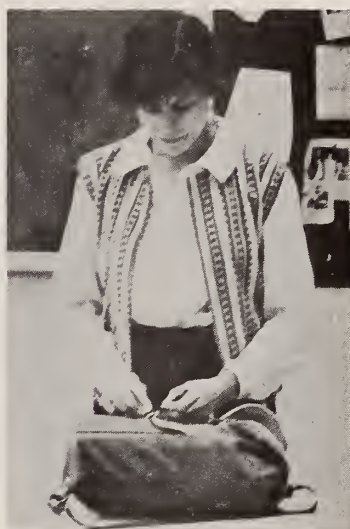




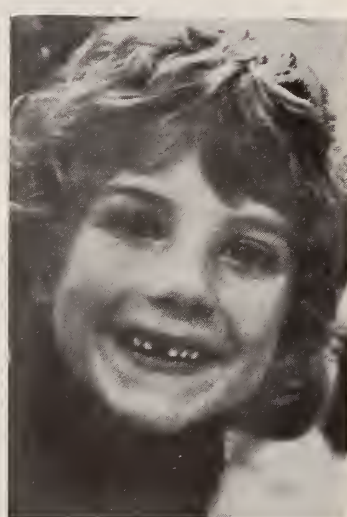
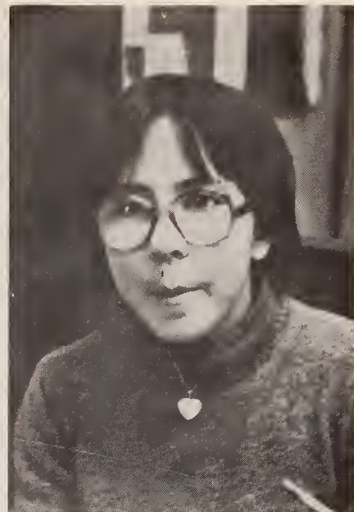
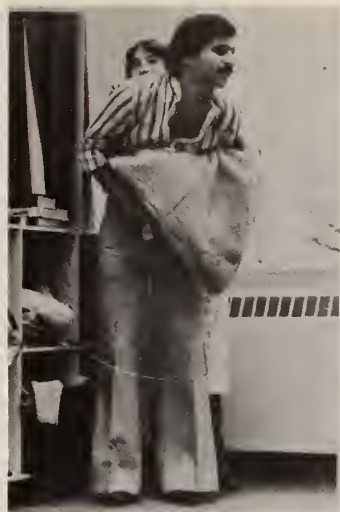












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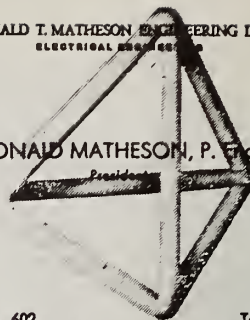
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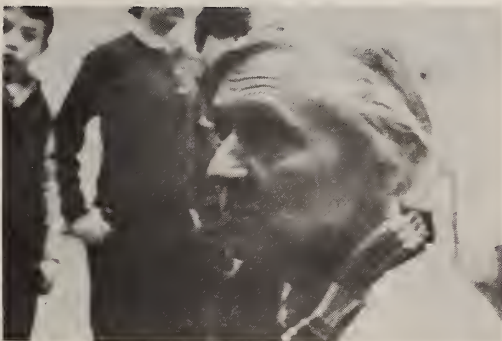
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Shakespeare - "A Midsummer-night's Dream"  
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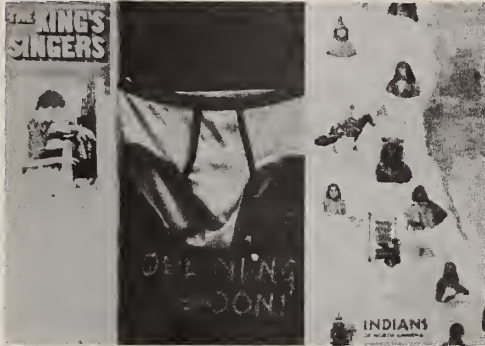
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